

1909

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*Ye Spinster*  
1909





Hupler - 09

# *The* SPINSTER

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*Where singleness is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wives*

EDITED BY  
*The Students of Hollins Institute*  
VIRGINIA  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE



# Dedication

**T**he inspiration of my life at Hollins; the center alike of pleasures and toils; the common end of detailed efforts and highest aims; the band of loyal comrades, jolly playmates and true friends ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ to

## The Class of 1909

I dedicate this Spinster, as a symbol of the work and play of this our Year of final achievement





# YE 1909 Spinster Staff

Phoebe Underwood Hunter,  
Editor in Chief.

Sophia Oliver Tillman  
Ass. Editor

Marion Wilkinson  
Ass. Editor.

Frances Tamm Longan  
Ass. Editor

Walter Camp Steiner - Ass. Editor

Helen Louise Carpenter Business Manager

Virginia Chevalier Corke, Asst. Business Manager



SPINSTER STAFF



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The

# Hollins Adventures

of

# The Baron von Münchausen

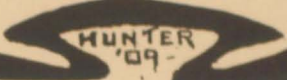
BEING

the personal account of the visit  
to Hollins

of that gentleman, famed in literature  
and history, in the year nine-  
teen hundred and nine

AND

here set down, with illustrations and  
annotations, as related by him  
to his friend and com-  
panion, Ananias





## The Hollins Adventures of the Baron Von Münchhausen



YOU SEE," said the Baron, settling himself more comfortably, "I am myself an alumnus of Hollins. I attended that estimable temple of learning in its salad days, so to speak,—its days of co-education. So this year, when my dear friend, the SPINSTER, made her regular annual trip thither, I offered to accompany her."

The Baron von Münchhausen and his intimate friend, Ananias, two prominent citizens of Literaturia, were sitting by the cozy fireplace in the home of the former gentleman. In spite of the widely different origin of these two well-known characters; here in the Land of Books, where all met on equal footing, they had found much in common, and were proverbially congenial. Thus it was that when the Baron returned from his sojourn to a certain famous spot in the World of People, it was to the worthy Ananias that he first recounted his adventures therein.

"Did the SPINSTER encourage your visit?" inquired Ananias.

"I can't say that she did," replied the Baron thoughtfully. "She seemed a little doubtful at first, and made a few vague and unnecessary remarks about influencing youthful minds and the bad effects of a too soaring imagination in conversation. However, she gave in, for she and I are very good friends, and we started off together.

"The journey was something terrific, my dear sir, and the train wound round those mountains to such an extent that I was forced to reassure the SPINSTER repeatedly that we were merely curving Deadman and Tinker, and not the Alps, as she insisted. Alas! I sighed for my steed! How much quicker the trip could have been made. But eventually the porter picked up our baggage and apprised us of the fact that we were at Hollins. Such inconveniences as one does tolerate from that railroad! My dear sir, when the train stopped I stepped out on the Pullman plat-

form and, imagine my horror at finding that we were some twenty feet above the level of the ground! No step ladder was near. The SPINSTER was duly agitated, and I knew that she relied on me. In a trice I seized several umbrellas that we had—tied them together—and, taking the SPINSTER in my arms, we made the perilous descent by one long slide.

"Upon reaching the ground I immediately made inquiries as to where the 'bus was drawn up. However, I could get no information, and I turned to locate the station. By some folly, the engineer had stopped his train several miles distant from the place. The lone light of one lantern beckoned us down the road, and tucking the SPINSTER under my arm, we started for that goal. Having walked some distance, we finally reached a small building with "Hollins Station" emblazoned on its portals, which I at once recognized as the room that was put up for that purpose when the Institute first opened.

"I heard a familiar voice and, turning, encountered Gus. With great joy I announced our intention of visiting Hollins, but, with dubious headshakings, he muttered that 'there warn't no more room for us.'

"In an instant I hurried to the telephone box—got Mr. Turner—and told him of our arrival. You may conceive of my unbounded consternation when he replied very formally that he had not received a postal from either the SPINSTER or me, and that the horses had been working all day, the omnibus had new springs, which could not be subjected to overweight, and that he feared we would have to rent a bicycle and ride over or walk. For my part I was perfectly pleased—I can always adapt myself to any circumstances—but the SPINSTER refused to compromise her dignity by such a procedure. I was truly frantic. Numerous plans presented themselves to my ever-ready mind, but the SPINSTER refused them all. It occurred to me to call the station keeper, a most amiable man. Recognizing me at once, he instantly placed his touring-car at my disposal.

"Safely ensconced in this we commenced the ride over to the school. The moonlight revealed all the scenes of my college days and, indeed, things were little changed. We whirled in through the same old gateway, but, when we made the turn, what a change I saw! Towering to the sky on the very spot where the old creek ran,—by the way, of course you've heard of my wonderful rescue of thirty-nine maidens from those waters—yes, sir, thirty-nine—but to continue—right there stood a large,



red building with prominent white columns. I was bewildered, and as we drew nearer I looked again, and lo! the fact was brought to me that the building rested under a glass case. Everything was spotless. An air of frightened awe pervaded my surroundings and, uncomprehending, I turned to the SPINSTER. Her face had assumed a grave dignity, and in stilled accents she answered my wildly inquiring look with, 'T is the new Library.' By this time we were directly in front of it; the chauffeur suddenly stopped, and peering out to note the obstacle, I perceived a black-haired, stately woman, sitting on a pedestal that commanded a sweeping view of the glass-covered piece of architecture. In one hand she held a key of tremendous proportions, in the other, a pair of field glasses which she almost continuously adjusted to her eyes and directed towards the building. Such an enraptured expression transfigured her face that I hesitated speaking, but in a moment I left the automobile, advanced to this lonely guard and quite boldly inquired if this was Hollins. Without turning her admiring eyes she replied that this was the Cocke Memorial Library *and* Hollins. At this juncture the SPINSTER came up and introduced us and I immediately recognized in the woman the child I had known as Marian Bayne. I once captured a wild pony for her on Carvan's Creek, and she remembered the incident, and by way of gratitude asked me if I would like to view the building at a closer range. Having replied in the affirmative, she commanded me to step lightly, and cautiously we advanced. I must say that the building was a gem of architecture; and after a complete survey of its glories, I was further surprised by the sight of another marvelous convenience.

"As I have doubtless told you before, it was a cold February night. The mountain breezes had ceased to be cool zephyrs and were stinging blasts. I made known a desire to move on to heated apartments, and accordingly the ladies conducted me to the steps of the library. From there to the ends of West and East Buildings, respectively, extended long, ice-covered boards adjusted at a rather perilous tilt of surface. Firmly I lifted my feet to place them upon the boards leading to West, but before they touched the ice-glazened pines, I had shot through the atmosphere and was standing on the West Building corridor. The extraordinary force with which I landed carried me on down the porch, and it was only when I reached the old History class room that a flood of memories stopped me. Emboldened, I pressed my face to the window-pane, and—you may not believe me, but upon my word as a gentleman I

swear that I saw the figure of Napoleon Bonaparte moving about the four-walled square, and giving rapid exhibitions of the Spanish Campaign. The mere recollection of the same caused me to hurry on, and again I was interrupted by sounds proceeding from the English professor's study. 'Miss—Miss Hunter, you—you tell us of Browning's optimism. You can do it.'

"Alas! 'twas Friday night. I passed on. The SPINSTER had come up meanwhile, and insisted that we direct our steps towards the Lady Principal's office. As we approached that place, a queenly figure issued from the heavy doorway, and a soft, mellifluous voice said,

"My dear, I can't have this incessant tramping on the porches.'

"Then seeing the SPINSTER, she extended her hand, saying,

"I'm sure we are very glad to have you at Hollins; and your friend—who is he?"

"Thereupon an introduction followed, and the name was Miss Parkinson, I believe.

"It was rather late in the evening but—not to brag (far be it from the Baron Munchausen to employ egotism)—the Principal seemed to realize my importance, and quite graciously consented to my being introduced to the various classes by the SPINSTER. Accordingly we retired to the parlor where some members of the Faculty whiled away the time with music, laughter and conversation. I was growing anxious to see the pupils, when a little girl with long yellow pig-tails, blue eyes that had the look of an agitated declaimer, and a rotund figure, advanced to the SPINSTER, who in turn introduced her to me as Miss New Girl. Most frankly did the child talk to me of her class, and I was so impressed that I took it down in shorthand. You would doubtless like to hear the words of the youthful prodigy:



## Freshman Class History

**A**LTHOUGH the new girls were warmly welcomed when they arrived at Hollins, they were given distinctly to understand that they were only "Freshies," and were not important in any phase of college life. After remaining unnoticed for several weeks, a dignified Senior, pitying their forlorn condition, posted a notice saying that she would organize the Class of 1912.

There were about ten girls present at the first meeting, but, though the number was small, their enthusiasm was so great that all felt assured of the success of the Class. Finally, after much discussion, Miss Lee was chosen President; Miss Brewer, Vice-President; Miss Owen, Secretary and Treasurer; and Miss Cooley, Historian. The colors, garnet and gold, were decided upon as the Class colors, and a red carnation as the flower. By the second meeting the number of members had increased to twenty-five, and the Class spirit in proportion.

In spite of the fact that they are only Freshmen, the Class of 1912 is earnestly trying to do its very best and to be worthy of its Alma Mater.

ANNIE H. COOLEY,  
*Historian.*



2035042  
[REVERSE]  
Y





# FRESHMAN

Colors

Garnet and Gold

Flower

Red Carnation

LILLIE LEE ..... *President*  
 ANNA BREWER ..... *Vice-President*  
 JULIE OWEN ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*  
 ANNIE COOLEY ..... *Historian*

## Roll

ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER	ELIZABETH THOMPSON	LOUISE GILL
MADA ROUNTREE	CLOTHILDE MATTINGLY	HELEN HARDY
LAURA LEE COONEY	RUTH KING	RUTH CRUPPER
VIRGINIA COHRON	ELSIE SCHMELZ	DAISY PACK
VERA HYLTON	MARY SMITH	MARGARET KOKERNOT
EVA JORDAN	ALLIE PEEPLES	KENNERLY BROWN
ETHEL GLENN	MILDRED WHITE	THEO LIPPERT
KATHLEEN WATKINS	MURIEL BOONE	MARY HILL
KATE MCDANIEL	JANIE BELLE GRIFFITH	



FRESHMAN CLASS



"We chatted for some time about homesickness, her native town and such, and then another girl came up to the SPINSTER. Seeing that she really wished to meet me, I turned to the child. The name, I believe, was Miss Sophia Moore, and with great ease of manner and many gestures she told me the history of another class of girls. Ah, what a wonderful thing the memory is. I can see the whole scene now and hear those dulcet tones.

## Sophomore History

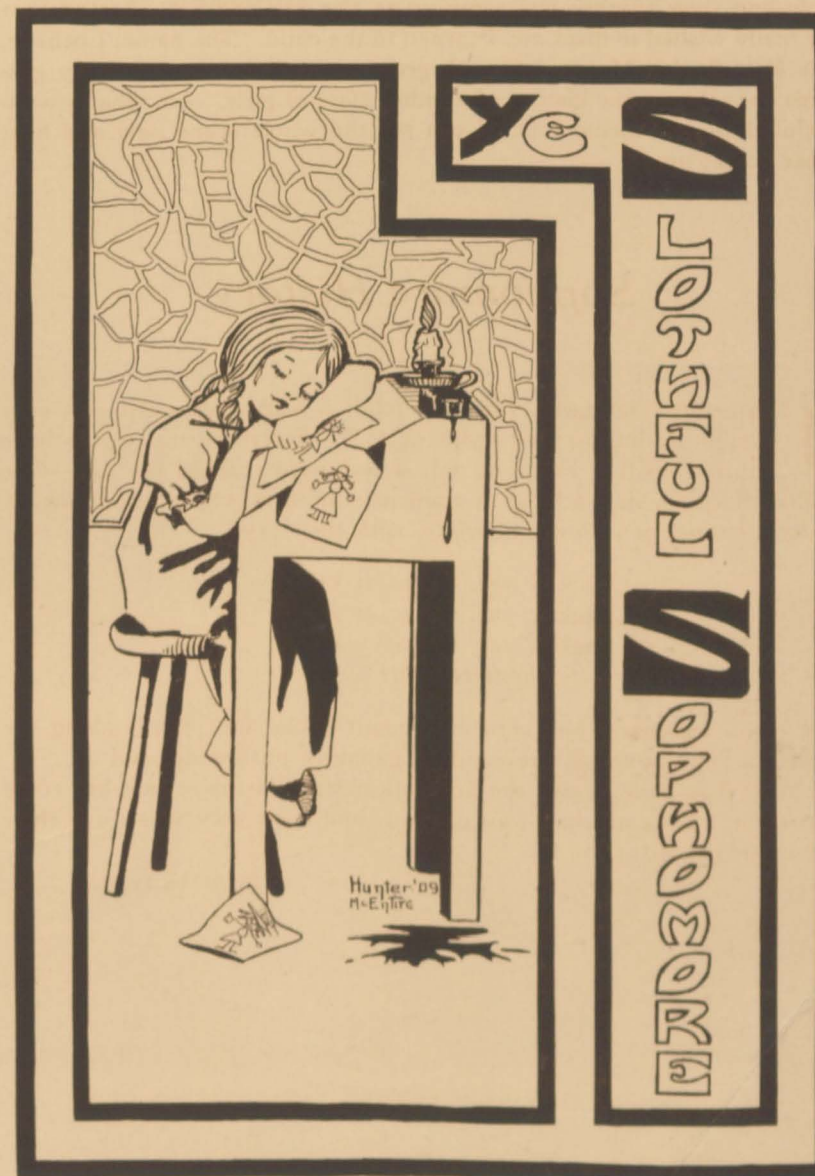
**I**N a country far away, there stretches a road, very steep, and very rough, leading to the heights of A. B. For years, many girls have started up this way, but only a few have reached the top. One brilliant October day, a band of maidens started eagerly on the journey, under a banner of yellow and white, with their cry:

Rackity yac, ti yac, ti yac,  
 Rackity yac, ti yac, ti yac,  
 Rackity yac, Rackity yac,  
 Sophomore! rah!

The climb was hard, for there were many rocks and pitfalls along the way. In spite of these, the maidens gallantly pushed up, and on.

Now, they have passed the first milestone, and the second has come into sight. They are half-way up now, and soon they will wave their victorious colors, at the top.

ISABELLE COBBS.







# SOPHOMORE

Flower  
Golden Rod

Bell  
Rackety, yackety, yackety, yack!  
Rackety, yackety, yackety, yack!  
Rackety, yack!  
Sophomore! Rah!

Colors  
Yellow and White

## Officers

JEANIE COCKE ..... President  
KITTY HOGE ..... Vice-President  
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE ..... Secretary and Treasurer  
ISABELLE COBBS ..... Historian

## Roll

LAURA AGNEW	ALICE LINCOLN	ROBINETTE BEAR
MARY LAKE	MILDRED CRISS	MARGARET LEWIS
KATE BROSIUS	SALLY MARTIN	ALICE HAMMOND
LUCELIA McCLAIN	HELEN HARRIS	FLORRIE MALONE
SARAH JAMISON	MARGARET McCONNELL	JOSIE KINCAID
CARLYN NACHMAN	EDITH PIPKIN	RUTH RIDDICK
COURTNEY RUDD	SUSIE ROBERTS	JOY TATUM
JULIA THOM	APTON WILLIAMS	MAY WALTON
LALLA BURTON	BERTHA BOLTON	VIRGINIA BROWN
AGNES WISE	GUSTAVA KELLY	STELLA BALDWIN
MAMIE SINGLETON	MARY C. GRIFFIN	CLARE DENMAN
		FRANCES MITCHELL



SOPHOMORE CLASS



"I was loathe to cease this enjoyable conversation, but a girl with an air of oncoming prominence accosted us and forthwith the Hollins life of the class that hoped to graduate the next year was told me. I have it in note form, as it was a model of rhetoric and system. Here it is:

### *Junior Class History*

**W**E are only a band of jolly girls who have joined together to demonstrate the strength in union. Session before last, when the Class of 1910 organized, "Gradatim" was chosen as our motto; but, somehow, the length of the step was not mentioned. This year, when we decided to really be a factor in the school, we made a great stride. Our object is to aid each other in the search for knowledge, but we love Hollins and know that the best way we can help ourselves and those who are to come after is by upholding its rules and standards. The results are very conspicuous, and all the old girls who visit their Alma Mater note the increase of school spirit. Mere power to be roused when the Class assembles to give its yells would mean nothing, but the sort of "spirit" we have is a sincere desire to maintain order and to do our best work.

Often enthusiasm quite carries us away, and we have to give vent to our feelings. Such a time was Founder's Day. We did not arise quite as early as the A. C.'s because we wished to give a better example to our little sisters, the Freshmen; but, as soon as "the lights came on," we were about the campus hanging our banner and singing our songs. The staunch Freshmen were also there to praise us who are their guides and champions. As we began the day, so we ended it, and no one will deny that the whole thing was symbolical. The noise we made was nearly as loud as our fame, and the flag was a fit emblem for a loyal class, not even fading in a hard rain, and still existing to show itself in its true colors next session.

Now, it is not long before the last step. May it be broader than all the others, so that we shall be the best Seniors that ever came to Hollins.

AMELIA BALDWIN.







# JUNIOR

Flower  
Daisy

Hill  
Hippety! Hippety!  
Hip! Hip! Hip!  
Rippety! Rippety!  
Rip! Rip! Rip!  
Hippety! Rippety!  
Ree, Ro, Ren!  
We're the class of 1910!

Colors  
Maroon and White

## Officers

HENRIETTA TAYLOR ..... *President*  
MARGUERITE GEER ..... *Vice-President*  
VIRGINIA CHEVALIER CORKE ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*  
AMELIA BALDWIN ..... *Historian*

## Members

LUCIE LEWIN	MARION WILKINSON	BESSIE WILLIAMS
NATALIE HOLMAN	PAULINE LAWTON	CORNELIA ELLIS
ELIZABETH T. BENNET	EDWINA LOCKETT	VIRGINIA CORKE
AMELIA BALDWIN	MARGUERITE GREER	MABEL GRIGSBY
BARON DUNTON	HENRIETTA TAYLOR	BESSIE SHIELDS
	MARY POWERS	



JUNIOR CLASS



"I heard a mirthful outburst of glee outside the door, and turning to the SPINSTER, saw a smile creeping over her dear face. With an air of constrained pride and love she murmured, 'Those dear A. C.'s' and forthwith the parlor door swung boldly open, and a girl whose expression was the concentrated essence of happiness almost ran in the room, saying:

"'Oh! I was so afraid the Baron wouldn't meet the A. C.'s.'

"She paused abashed, but I stepped forward, and she handed me this manuscript, which I always have with me."

## A. C. Class History

THE A. C. CLASS does not boast of a family tree, rooted deep in the bygone centuries. Instead of this, it is a democratic being, standing on its present day merits rather than enumerating the deeds of its far-distant ancestors. During the session '05-06 this Class was organized, that it might be a stimulus to those girls in school who were unable, for many reasons, to take an A. B. Four diplomas representing the literary and scientific departments entitle a girl to an Academic Certificate. To show that this organization has drawn into its fold many of the rare geniuses of Hollins, and furnished them with the necessary support and encouragement so that they might hurry on to the topmost pinnacle of fame, it is well that we modestly set forth our work. Our acting President holds the highest literary honor in school as Editor-in-Chief of the *Quarterly*. Nor is this merely an accident, since last year the same officer acted in this capacity, and to add to this virtue, was the recipient of the prize offered by "The Colonial Dames" in Virginia. We not only take an interest in mental development, but an enthusiastic interest in all phases of school life. The A. C. gallery of wonders displays the athletic figure of Yemassee's last victorious captain, along with prominent members of either team.

The Seniors would fain chill us with their silent scorn, but where



there's energy and class spirit it will out. We may not enjoy their privileges, but we are a noble Class.

"Oh, the grand old A. C. Class,  
It's the best if it is last!  
For there's none can hold a candle  
To the grand old A. C. Class!"

Early Founder's morning, before the most energetic promoters of class spirit heard the strident "ting-ling" of their alarm clocks, a band of chilly but happy A. C. girls gathered on the campus to carry out a conspiracy. They were determined to show that the enthusiasm of a few is unsurpassed when enlisted in a glorious cause. The dreamers in each building were awakened by a strange but, we are confident, melodious reveille:

"You can't beat us up,  
You can't beat us up,  
You can't beat us up,  
In the morning!  
The Freshmen still are snoozing,  
The Sophs. and Juniors, too!  
Just hear those Seniors snoring!  
The A. C. beat all of you."

The day begun so well was carried in favor of the wearers of the purple and lavender, whose banner hung bravely from East Building.

We, the A. C.'s of '08-09, beg those who come after us, not to let smallness of numbers discourage or oppress, but remember that the spirit of the A. C. Class, true and loyal, will never be subdued.

MAYSIE LYLES,  
*Historian.*





## Class of Academic Certificates

ELIZABETH GRAVES HARLAN ..... *President*

FRANCES TERRELL LONGAN ..... *Vice-President*

### Class Roll

MOZELLE ALDERMAN

ELIZABETH BENNET

OLINE BUTTS

JANIE LAWSON

MAYSIE LYLES

BESSIE MAJOR

HENRIETTA TAYLOR

MARGARET WEBB

## A. C. Class



MOZELLE ALDERMAN ..... South Carolina

The greatest achievement that marks the career of Mozelle is that her hands, alone and unaided, constructed the magnificent A. C. banner that was draped from East Building on Founder's Day. For this we award her the palm for class spirit, enthusiasm, and executive skill. Some one has suggested that her name be embroidered in letters of gold upon the creation of lavender and violet, so that her fame might ring down forever in the annals of A. C. But cloth and thread wear away, where words are immortal, so it seems naught but proper that THE SPINSTER should chronicle this mighty labor of love.



ELIZABETH BENNET ..... Georgia

Miss Bennet, it is feared, will not be able to receive her well-earned diplomas this year, on account of the double strain she has undergone in scampering from Junior Class meeting to A. C. without showing any pardonable partiality. Lest she should appear at any time to be unduly enthusiastic concerning the class of her heart, and thus cause jealousy to arise among her '10 friends, she carefully times herself, and enters the door of the Physiology room just as her name is being inscribed for absence in the Treasurer's account book.





OLINE BUTTS ..... Georgia

Fame marked this young lady for her own when, at the first of the year, with some show of modest hesitation, she enrolled herself as candidate for four diplomas. Upon hearing her lusty shouting of that runic chant known as the A. C. yell, she was seized by the Captain of the Reds and borne off to lead the Yemassee rooters. None can forget her on the morning of February 20, when she led forth her faithful classmates in the hours of the second watch, to make the welkin ring with the declaration that none could beat the A. C.'s up. Oline has been in a state of nervous frenzy ever since she has been told that Uncle Billy detected her stentorian tones that bleak gray morning and contemplates withholding her coveted Latin diploma in payment for his broken rest.



BESS HARLAN ..... Texas

In name, Miss Harlan is the head of this illustrious Class, but she takes her duties very lightly, seeming to think that the august office of President necessitates only the posting of elaborately illustrated signs upon the bulletin board. The members themselves, after having rushed madly to the scene of the fray in accordance to one of these embellished designs, failing to find the instigator of the excitement, have learned to look upon the signs with the same amused glee and unabashed pride, but, withal, sweeping indifference, as Miss Harlan herself.



JANIE LAWSON ..... Virginia

Miss Lawson has been the leader of an erratic movement (which has, however, been properly quelled) for entertaining the Seniors. We surmise that Miss Lawson's reason for this desired project in the social world is her mad longing to display once again the pale yellow set of puffs' lately transformed into curls, which she wears only on such momentous occasions. At the Alumnae Banquet we hope to see these ornaments pending from the fair head of our Janie.



FRANCES LONGAN ..... Missouri

Miss Longan and the A. C. Class suggest the analogy of Atlas bearing the mighty weight of the world upon his shoulders. Whatever of honor or prestige the lavender and lilac have attained, it has been through her sturdy defense and well-commanded aggressive policy.—Twice a week she lectures in the chapel upon "The Just Appreciation of the Class Applying for Academic Certificates," and the hearty applause that punctuates her tirades augurs well for the success of her cause.

**Addenda**—Miss Longan is likewise our representative in the Student Government Association, where she holds the trying position of soliciting funds wherewith to purchase volumes for the Cocke Memorial Alumnae Library.



MAYSIE LYLES ..... South Carolina

"Lazy Miles" is noted for her languid way of accepting any and all class business. Only once has she been known to show the slightest enthusiasm at a class meeting, which same was held immediately after dinner, and immediately before the agony of III History. She is the author of our well-known songs to the melody of "Slumber Boat," and "Sing Me to Sleep."



ELIZABETH MAJOR ..... South Carolina

Unfortunately, Miss Major has never been able to give her undivided heed to a class convention, as she is always in the throes of writing an essay for *The Quarterly*, and only this strain on her attention keeps her happy chuckles at the ready wit of her fellows from elongating into a more decided manifestation of mirth. Were it not for Miss Major's appreciation, we would long ago have been plunged into a black tarn of melancholy, and this is the reason that she has endeared herself doubly to our several hearts.





HENRIETTA TAYLOR .....Arkansas

This face appears with the A. C.'s merely out of courteous recognition of Henrietta's scholastic attainments, not at all that she has allied herself with us in any way. On Founder's Eve she was forcibly ejected from the Y. W. C. A. room, where we were practising our songs, because she was convicted of treason of the deepest dye. She is a living illustration of the Proverb made famous by Abraham Lincoln: "A house divided against itself can not stand; I do not say that the house will fall, only that it will cease to be divided." Her great passion for seeing her physiognomy upon the pages of *THE SPINSTER* caused her to forget the insult, leave her loved '10 Class for a few moments, and smile blandly for Mr. Kidd.



MARGARET WEBB .....Virginia

Miss Webb represents the dissenting faction among us, though in every case she has shown herself easily won by the overwhelming forces of the opposing party. Her protestations of inability along all lines are not to be believed; she is the Morning Star of the A. C. Class, and according to the tale of the quarter marks, the only one of us who may sit back in ease and await the handing over of the four diplomas.

"Suddenly a hushed stillness descended on us all. The heads of the girls in the room bowed in respect. The *SPINSTER* started, and stretched out her arms just as a tall, graceful girl entered in a manner that well bespoke the dignity of seniorism. Members of the Faculty commenced to throng the doorway, and their admiring and worshipping gaze set me agog with curiosity as to who this important personage could be.

"The *SPINSTER* took her hand and, leading her to me, said:

" 'Baron Münchhausen—my child of 1909.'

"The girl inclined her head, and forthwith handed me a volume bound in black, with these words gilded on its back: 'The Life of the Class Who Originated Class Spirit.'

## Senior Class History

**T**O, the years are gray and hoary. Many are the days since I passed the realm of long-forgotten Hollinsland, yet the memories that have died in the hearts of others stand yet clearly in mine. 'T was a dreary day in the latter part of November when I sojourned by famous Tinker Creek and crossed the perilous bridge. Strange hands have wrecked that fair land; wonderful demon hands have destroyed the yet fairer dwellers therein, but of the damsels there are some who share a fair immortality. Of these I shall tell the eventful history. After I had passed the ruined gate, I stopped before a great heap of stones, on one of which there was an inscription. As I stooped to read what was written thereon, music sweet and soft floated over a tangled garden and came to my ears. It was beautiful music, very mellow, very low, and the refrain that was most distinct seemed something to this effect:

*"Hush, hush, and don't you make a noise,  
For we're all going back to Hollins."*

As I strained my ears that I might hear more plainly the import of those fair words, lo, a maiden adorned in white stood before me. She was tall and very beautiful. At length the maid spoke, and her voice was of the far Southland, so musical it was, save for an occasional squeak.



"Thou, stranger," she said, "art on sacred soil. None dwell here save the Class of Nineteen-Nine. We are true to the words of our song. We're all come back to this deserted spot."

As I was about to speak, the maiden faded into oblivion and before me stood the others. This one was wistful, almost sad, yet beneath the squint of her left eye there was a twinkle.

"Yea," she said musingly, "we have fled the land of turmoil. History repeats itself. The laws of political economy have not been observed, so we, the law-abiding, the noble Class of Nineteen-Nine dwell in the hills."

The next maiden was very fair. She was adorned as a princess and to me she sang of her woes, of sore duties that devolved upon one whose task it was to collect. And all the while she spoke I, even I, seemed drawn by the magnetism of her smile.

At length the song ceased and with a murmur of "Poet, oh Poet," the maiden disappeared. All was radiant with a wonderful glow, and, as I strained to see from whence this effulgence came, a chorus answered my thought:

"Fear not," was the call. "'T is our poet's wit and our poet's hair—  
Fear not!"

*"Yea, of Hollins am I the poet rare,  
None can sing a lay more wondrous fair;  
Yet for my sin, so dire and great,  
They have doomed me long to a horrible fate.*

*"My class-mates loved me truly, I think,  
Yet to the bond there lacked a link;  
For stories a talent, I do confess,  
Was mine to dread and dire excess.*

*"So here am I in this Hollinsland,  
With neither ink nor pen in hand,  
So pity me, stranger, and wish me well,  
For here in this plight forever I dwell."*

Her clear voice choked, and before I was able to offer consolation, she melted into tears and all that remained was a tattered manuscript dropped on the sward where she had stood. I stooped and gathered up the fragments, "The Complaint of Composition IV." It was growing

late, and, though I searched with all my powers, the upright little scrawl meant nothing to me.

I was about to turn away when a voice close by arrested me once more.

"Ah, sir, the prophet must not be forgotten. I always knew that things would end this way," said a phantom-like maiden, who seemed almost too weak to be left in these lonely hills. "I worked very hard and I worried more, but I always passed. Oh, I am so tired! Whatever shall I do?"

Surely these were all that this strange Class had honored with offices, surely. Yet through the shades of the night I saw a form, old and very stooped. This was no maiden of Nineteen-Nine, some relic of a more remote day, not fit to tread the ground pressed by the feet of these delectable goddesses.

"Ah, thou upstart stranger," quoth the creature. "Dost know this one of Xenophon's posterity? Dost not. Aye, of this Class verily am I, and its history will I relate, but woe be unto you if to mortal you reveal our hiding place.

"In the year nineteen five we first set foot on this spot. Yea, through years we have remained faithful to the gold and black. Aye, sir, we are original, individual. Dost see the ruins of yon building? On the turret there the flag of Naught-Nine was the first to wave. And, sir, we are the last to guard the spot. I might tell you of how we inaugurated class spirit but I fear you might think me boastful. There are, however, certain ones amongst us that could not fail to interest you. One is pining, pining on account of unrequited love, pining because Enon is no more, pining because certain families have moved out of the Hollins neighborhood. There is another who yet approaches us with a 'Russell,' and sir, we guard our tongues when she is about, for she knows not to guard hers. We are a happy band here among the hills, but two poor creatures dwell among us whose wit is gone—both crazed by money. One has violets, violets galore, to lighten the gloom, and the other spends her lucid moments drawing up a students' constitution for the advancement of civilization. Hush, do you hear that laugh? It is none other than the merry fool of our forest court. Not so fast, this fool has a wit that might brave a forest storm with some beloved king, but alas! she is too fragile and fairy-like to hazard its depth.

"But think not that the fool holds an undisputed wand, for another



aspires to the place of distinction, and we have reason to believe that the goal might be gained were she not so engrossed with Diamond Dick, his compatriots, and fly catching.

"There is also a wolf in the fold, a wolf in sheep's clothing, with whom we would find it hard to part. You see she helps our tempers by the contrast scheme. But the bark of this wolf exceeds the bite.

"You think us a motley crowd, I conjecture. Without our 'boss,' from whom one glance over the gold rims strikes terror to the very marrow, we might prove a menace to the mountain-folk. It is her self-imposed duty to supervise the manners of Naught-Nine and she is not derelict in her task.

"Tarry but a moment and let me explain an absence. We are fifteen in number, yet there is one, commiseration be hers! who is too stiff to join our assembly. She blushes when we mention her fate and tears come to my eyes when I relate the sad story.

"The charm of Naught-Nine be unto you forever more."

The wizened form disappeared in the thickening dusk, and I was left alone on the deserted ruins.

That night I dreamed strange dreams of the fairest maidens on God's earth. There on the turf I lay under the spell cast by their fragrant presence, listening to their strange chants, pondering their world-wide fame.

EUDORA RAMSEY,  
*Historian.*



# SENIOR

Colors

Black and Gold

Hell

Rickety, Rickety, Hulla Balloo,

Tip, Boom, Hipdadoo!

Who is fine? We are fine!

We are the class of Naughty-nine!

Officers

HELEN C. STEINER.....	President
SOPHIE O. TILLMAN .....	Vice-President
ROSE P. HAYWARD.....	Secretary and Treasurer
EUDORA W. RAMSEY.....	Historian



## Senior Class.



HELEN C. STEINER ..... A. B.  
Alabama

*"Don't forget Senior Class meeting every evening this week."*



SOPHIE O. TILLMAN ..... A. B.  
South Carolina

*"Do you think I'm the biggest bluffer in school?"*



ROSE P. HAYWARD ..... A. B.  
Louisiana

*"I have absolutely no idea of going to choir practice."*



PHOEBE C. HUNTER ..... A. B.  
Pennsylvania

*"Mr. Cummings, please have IV composition write stories for the Spinster."*



EUDORA W. RAMSEY ..... A. B.  
South Carolina

*"I don't agree with you."*



M. SULLY HAYWARD ..... A. B.  
Louisiana

*"Give me something fluffy to wear."*



GERTRUDE W. OBERHOLTZER A. B.  
Pennsylvania

*"Has anybody seen Rose?"*







KITTY W. STONE ..... A. B.  
Virginia

*"If you don't do that you certainly  
ought to do something."*



SUSIE L. ANDERSON ..... A. B.  
Virginia

*"If I could only sleep."*



NELLIE A. ANDERSON ..... A. B.  
Virginia

*"Why I haven't been anywhere 'cept  
to the station."*



BETTY JANE WINGFIELD .... A. B.  
Virginia

*"I can't help blushing."*



MARY PRESSLEY SMITH ..... A. B.  
Kentucky

*"S-s sh! don't talk in the library."*



MARY R. MILES ..... A. B.  
Virginia

*"You haven't paid your dues."*



D. LOUISE CARPENTER ..... A. B.  
Virginia

*"I can't study, I've got to play  
Basket Ball."*



MAY HALEY ..... A. B.

*"Have you heard the joke about?"—*





### 1909 Class Poem

O Wings of Time, have ye flown so fast,  
 That our life at Hollins is spent and past?  
 Is it over, the cycle of works and plays,  
 And is this the end of our college days?  
 Now may we say, we of Nineteen-Nine,  
 "My lesson is learned, and the world is mine?"  
 Have we reached the summit at last, to find  
 That the Valley of Girlhood lies behind?  
 Oh, the years must come and the years must pass,  
 To shatter and scatter our glorious Class,—  
 What of the rocks and the stony ways—  
 There were primrose paths in our Hollins days,  
 And never again, tho' a lifetime ends,  
 May we know such comrades and hold such friends!  
 Oh, the song of youth that the glad heart thrills,  
 And the golden sun on the distant hills,  
 Where the purple shadows all vibrant lie,  
 Like sweet dim thoughts of a day gone by!  
 Farewell, ye hills of the Hollinsland,  
 We have read your message and understand—  
 And oh, when the future is fraught with ills,  
 Let us turn back, ye deep-browed hills,  
 To see your crests, in our memory's eye,  
 Where the shadows of fragrant dusk still lie;  
 And when we are old, may we not forget  
 That the sun is gold on your summits yet!

PHOEBE HUNTER.





"Now that I had the history of all the classes at my finger-tips, as it were," continued the Baron, "I felt that I had bridged the chasm of years that lay between my own happy college life in those classic shades, and the college life of today—vastly different though it is. So now I was ready, with my usual happy faculty of adaptability, to enter into the spirit of my visit and to lend myself to all the interests of the day.

"The SPINSTER, that most estimable lady, realizing that my visit would be of historic interest to all who know and love Hollins, suggested that I compile—adding to it daily during my visit—an account of my observations of Hollins life, with annotations and illustrations. I acted upon this idea immediately, and had the good fortune to secure, through the SPINSTER'S offices, many interesting pictures and photographs, as well as some of the very excellent literary work of the young ladies themselves.

"I consider this compilation invaluable, and I feel sure that you, my dear friend, will appreciate the distinction conferred upon you when I permit you to be the first to look through it—not to mention the privilege of hearing my personal comments and explanations."

Ananias looked with considerable awe upon the pile of photographs, manuscripts and sketches that the Baron spread upon the table.

"First of all," began the Baron von Munchausen, in a complacently proud, "let-me-show-you" tone that would have shamed a professional guide in the British Museum. "Permit me to read you an excellent bit of original fiction that the SPINSTER received from one of the young ladies of Hollins—I believe her name was Miss Rebecca Porter."

Ananias prepared himself to listen, and the Baron read as follows:

## The Avenger

THE red light of late afternoon was fading in long rosy shafts as the Captain swung along the trail to the river's edge. Behind him the serried rows of pines through which he had come shone like burnished copper, each cone and tasseled branch dully afire in the fading glow. Before him, the turbulent Saskatchewan boiled over the falls, and threw a shower of hissing spray into his face, as he stood poised for a moment on a rock, his tall, loose figure black against the sky. Above, on the cliff, an eagle screamed harshly and swooped to its finny prey in the eddy below. The man watched the tiny tragedy narrowly and shrugged his weighted shoulders. The red glow disappeared, and twilight grey fell. A moment later and the man vanished down the river trail, his mocassined feet pressing the pine needles with the swiftness of long practice as he counted the miles falling behind him.

He was only one of the many who passed along the river trail. There was little that was striking in his appearance. His costume was the usual one of the Northwest—beaded moccasins showing hard wear, fringed leggings laced to the knee, where they were met by corduroy trousers, which, in turn, gave place to the dark flannel shirt and open collar above. Across the rather powerful shoulders a light pack swung, and at a belted waist, the long knife of the voyageur gleamed through occasional holes in its worn chamois-skin sheath. In his face lay the man's only claim to individuality. Beneath over-hanging, black brows, his grey eyes shone like steel, almost offensive in their steady watchfulness. A straight nose and a mouth like iron, cold and hard and strong, were connected by harsh lines, adding a grim touch to a face almost majestic in its deep strength and determination,—a face highly indicative of the character of its owner, one John Conner, Captain of District Nine, Northwest Mounted Police.

The Captain settled his pack more firmly on his shoulders, and looked



at his service watch. A half-hour till darkness. He must make better time if the corner under the rocks of Forty-Mile Cliff was to shelter him and blanket that night! He swung down the darkening trail, light footsteps carrying him swiftly westward in the twilight.

An evening star, white and far away, twinkled coldly into view above the fringed green of the hemlocks. The Captain raised his head with almost a sob. Twenty-four hours before, and what had this same coldly gazing light looked down upon! Was there not some God up there to prevent such things?

The Captain's strong chest heaved, and his restless hands twitched at his knife as he lurched heavily. Suddenly he stopped and raised his working face to the star.

"Oh, God," he choked, "let me be the one to find him! You know he killed her, killed her like a dog! Let me just get my hands on him! I won't let them hurt him, but I'll make 'em kill him right, with a strong rope!"

The star twinkled dizzily far above, and the Captain ceased, his face more quiet as he took up the trail.

An hour later, in the starlit darkness, he set down his pack and lit his fire under the looming shadow of Forty-Mile Cliff. Pipe in mouth, he stretched himself comfortably on the warm pine needles by the fire and dozed. A fox barked in the brush near at hand, and a heavy crashing along the river bank heralded a bear or deer. A stick in the tiny fire broke with a flurry of golden sparks, and the Captain woke with a start, staring with pale lips into the shadows. Why did he continue to see that dark hand stealthily creeping toward the white throat, and why did his ears ring with the small sobbing moan of the figure that bled its life away in Wilson's arms? Heavens! he could hear Wilson's screams still. Conner's great hands clenched against his side and he cursed deeply, his eyes reddening. A moment, and the man was himself again. He rose, and knocked the embers from his pipe, raising his eyes to the stars for his only good-night. Then he stood frozen, his pipe suspended in his fingers, startled eyes wide. Against a tall pine, not twenty feet away, stood the slender figure of an Indian girl, her dark eyes quietly watchful of his every movement. As she stood there outlined in the darkness,

the firelight turning her still figure into bronze and blazing on the crimson feather in her cap. For a moment neither spoke, grey eyes searching expressionless black.

Then the Captain's pride revolted. Trained to the fine hearing and sight of a wild thing by his years in the forest, he found himself tricked and unpleasantly aware that at any moment in the last hour a knife might have whistled through the air to his heart, with no interference on his part. His face darkened.

"Well?" he asked sternly. The girl made no answer, merely looked at him directly, still and immovable as a figure carved in stone.

The Captain advanced a threatening step, but stopped abruptly as the girl raised her hand.

"Black Wing waited long by the trail for the white man, and when he came she followed him through the forest, until he rested by the fire. Now she would speak." The clear, resonant voice died away, and the spell was broken. The Captain regained his poise and became aware that he was playing quite the middle-aged fool. An Indian girl is a skilfully used tool in the hands of her people, and doubtless this Black Wing was the instrument of a deep-laid plot. Conner scowled and his hand pointed to the forest.

"The Great Spirit tells the white man of treachery and the white man believes. Black Wing and the white man can have no business together. Let Black Wing go back to her father's tepee. Go!"

The impassive mask fell from the girl's face. Her lip quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and without a moment's wavering, she leaned against a pine and broke into the wild grief of a stolid nature aroused.

Conner started. He knew the rarity of Indian tears, and he wondered. For the first time he noticed that the girl's moccasins were torn and muddy, and her clothing rent to tatters. He was puzzled. An Indian girl who is the instrument of a plot is usually decked with the gaudiest garments and has only smiles for the luring of the white man.

"Don't cry like that," he commanded gruffly, "there's no use in it. If you have anything to say to me, why, say it, that's all."

In a moment the girl struggled with her exhaustion and terror, then she spoke quite calmly:



"The Great Spirit speaks not to the white man of treachery. He hears the false sayings of singing birds who whisper to him that the red men are traitors and wish to do the white man harm. Black Wing carries the good wishes of her tribe who smoke the pipe of peace with the white brothers. She is an Ocandago."

Conner's hand left his knife, and the frown his brows. The tribe of which she spoke was one friendly to the Post, and if what she said was true, he had nothing to fear.

"Black Wing likes the white brother, and would have his love. But now she would ask the white man's help."

"Well?"

The girl's hand went to her heart and her breathing quickened.

"Far away towards the rising sun, by a trail only Black Wing knows, lies a wounded brave on the bare rocks, with no covering for his head except the blue sky. He is dying!" A wild sob tore itself from the girl's laboring throat. "There is no medicine man near, and Black Wing knows nothing. But the white man is wise. He can cure death itself. So Black Wing came in the night to the trail, and watched for a white man to come and help. Had he not come, she would have gone to the Post. And even now, the brave may be dead—dead." Her voice ended in a low moan, and she dropped on the moss, exhausted. But Conner kept his distance. A more transparent bit of villainy he had never listened to! The girl looked up, and the man spoke, his tone coldly contemptuous:

"Black Wing lies, and seeks the white man's skull for her father's dog to worry. The white man sees and scorns. Let Black Wing take her tales elsewhere."

The girl sprang up, her breast heaving, and advanced to his side.

"Black Wing *never* lies," she hissed, "and the white man will come and see if she speaks truly. If he will, she will tell him where lies the tepee of—" and she leaned toward him and whispered a name.

The Captain started back.

"Aglanda!" he cried. He find Aglanda? The half-breed, who for twenty years had been the terror of the Northwest, who left a trail of blood and pillage behind him—whom officials cursed for his cunning,

and for whose capture the Great Gentleman at Ottawa had offered a decoration of honor, beside thousands of pounds!

The man paled, and his jaw set like iron.

The girl's voice went on insidiously: "Yea, Aglanda pitches his tent upon the bank of a stream far away to the north, and he sits upon its banks and smokes and washes the red stains from his hands—and only Black Wing knows."

Conner whirled and seized her wrist. "Do you swear it?" he whispered hoarsely.

"By ten thousand deaths by fire," she swore through white lips. The Captain knew the oath of her people.

"I'll go," he shouted, "now!"

Swiftly the embers of the fire were extinguished and scattered, and the blankets and supplies rolled into a pack by practiced hands. A moment, and Captain Conner, N. M. P., swung silently eastward through the forest, behind a shadowy figure that flitted restlessly before him. The man's senses were keenly alive. The midnight stillness of the forest, the pale stars overhead gleaming down on the ghostly rows of trees and the dull roar of the river somewhere far through the darkness to the left—he heard them all but dimly, for ever in his mind ran the same name, "Aglanda, Aglanda." Perhaps through the great criminal he might force news of the lesser one, who Wilson swore to be a murderer.

The familiar, oft-studied pictures of the criminal ran through his mind, and the mocking, red features leered at him from behind every tree. "Aglanda," the river roared.

It was after midnight when the two neared their destination. The stars had paled almost to nothingness and the dawn damp lay heavy on the rocks under foot, for now they passed among the echoing cliffs at the headwaters of the Saskatchewan and walking was difficult.

A step more, and the girl laid her finger on her lips. Above the roar of the rapids, Conner heard a faint moan, once—twice. The girl reached into the crevice of the rock and brought out a half-burnt torch. Her hands were steady as she lit it, but by its light the man saw her lips and cheeks were chalky. Together they moved forward. The girl stopped and pointed. Another faint moan and Conner saw between two



great rocks a bundle of blankets, and feebly tossing among them an Indian, so pinched and drawn of face, that traces of a former great strength were almost obliterated. Bound unskilfully about his shoulder was a rude bandage, soaked with dark blood, which reddened anew at each toss of the sick man's head. From the feeble lips fell disjointed mutterings of a strange dialect, which Conner did not know.

Black Wing motioned impatiently, and Conner drew nearer. He glanced casually at the man's face as he drew out his small service-case of instruments—then suddenly peered closer and uttered a sharp exclamation. The girl looked up inquiringly.

"Nothing—he's a very sick man," Conner said shortly, and rolled up his sleeves.

The next day and all that night he fought for an ebbing life—fought with strong jaws set like iron and eyes gleaming like cold steel beneath the bushy brows—fought with bare hands and uncertainty and hopelessness in his heart, until the grey light of a second dawn silvered the black cliffs about him and sounds other than the desolate roaring of the river came to cheer him in his vigil.

With the rising of the sun he knew that the victory was his, and collecting his tiny weapons, which had seen so much service, he covered his patient with his own blanket and went out into the new day, worn and haggard, and with a curious look of triumph on his pale face.

A crouching figure sprang up at his approach and lifted appealing eyes to his face.

"The Great Spirit is kind," he said simply, and for the second time in the past two days, the girl broke into a silent passion of tears.

Conner faced the glory of the newly-risen sun and waited until she was calmer. Then, very quietly:

"Now, where is Aglanda?" he asked, his eyes curiously intent upon the horizon.

The tears stopped suddenly. The girl's head raised itself resolutely and like one who faces unflinchingly the deserved blow which will kill, she looked the Captain straight in the grey eyes. For a moment she was silent, and then she spoke, her voice weary and hopeless.

"The Great Spirit punishes a liar. Perhaps he will punish me. I do

not know, for I lied, lied like a dog of an Apache. I know nothing of Aglanda. My people have long ago banished him from their villages and he skulks among the hills—where, I know not. But you feared evil in my entreaties, and I knew not how to persuade you. So I lied—lied for that man yonder whom I loved—and whom you have saved." She broke off, and raising the man's great hand, touched it lightly to her forehead and lips, whispering something softly beneath her breath. "Aglanda may be dead—I know not—but you have become the white brother of the Oandaga, and the Oandaga never forgets. *He* will befriend you!" Her hand pointed proudly toward the rocks.

There was a moment of silence, very deep. The boom of the waters in the cañon sounded soft and far away, blending sweetly with the soughing song in the pines. Then Conner spoke gently, as though he spoke to a child:

"Black Wing, have you ever seen Aglanda?"

"Never," she said simply.

"Then see! for he lies yonder—in the shadow of the rocks!" and then turned away from her face, which held the look of one who sees hell opening before her tortured eyes.

When the Captain's eyes had grown clear again and hurried reasoning had, in a measure, done away with the ache in his heart, he turned away from the river and found a stoical little figure, with hopeless, dry eyes, standing at his elbow. The childish face had grown old in an hour, and the dull eyes held the real dignity of a great grief.

"You will take him to the white man's Post?" the dry lips motioned.

The man's restless fingers groped for his badge, hidden beneath the shirt.

"Yes," he said huskily, and walked away, up the bank to the sunny rocks beneath the pines.

He entered the rude shelter and stood looking down on the figure in the blankets, which moaned and jabbered feverishly beneath its breath. Aglanda! The bronze features were dashing handsome, even in illness, except for the thinness of the cruel lips that drew back from the teeth in a snarl, and the wandering, shifty eyes. As the Captain watched, the fugitive's thin hands fluttered upward and stealthily formed themselves



into a sinister knot which writhed and clutched at nothing. The red brows lowered and the eyes narrowed to a cunning slit. "Ah-h-h—" and the dark hands tightened suddenly as if they held a throat within their horrid grasp, as the criminal slid half out of bed, and hung, gurgling horrible noises in his throat.

"The pale-faced woman," he mouthed, "the white woman of the Post, who chokes and bleeds like a—" The words died in his throat, as with a roar, the Captain's great hands forced him back on the rocks, tongue lolling out and eyes starting from his head, and the Captain's eyes blazing down like twin coals into his. The white man's eyes were blood-shot. His hands tightened upon the dark neck and crushed the blackening face from view. He raised his arm for the final blow, and then let it fall, sick at heart, as the Captain came face to face with his soul and saw himself, the veneered savage merely—almost a murderer.

He rose, panting, the perspiration streaming from his white face. Then suddenly, he raised his eyes to the blue sky that smiled down on the grim cliffs.

"Oh God, my prayer was answered, and Thou knowest that I am a murderer, a betrayer of Thy trust. Forgive, O Lord, forgive!" His hands clenched. "He killed Wilson's girl, God. Thou knowest it. I would have killed him! Forgive—forgive!"

The agony of remorse passed and the great head bowed to the man's breast. He, Aglanda's murderer! The same blood stain which rested on the bronze brow would have branded him, a very Cain among his fellows. And then the Captain raised a trembling hand and passed it across his forehead. His tortured eyes sought help above and his dazed brain groped with a new problem. Would not he become a murderer, to carry a man, as much a creature of God as he, to certain death? What divine power was his, which gave him right to end that elusive, Heaven-sent thing called life—to send a human soul hurtling into eternity? How slim and frail a thing was the man-made rule, called law. The man groaned and looked from the tossing figure in the blankets to the desolate girl by the river. Then he bent his head for a moment as though he listened—and he did, to the rare, clear voice of his soul that spoke deep within him and uttered a half-forgotten phrase:

"'And I \* \* \* avenge'" saith the Lord of Hosts."

And the Captain answered with a smile, so full of peace and deep understanding that the rugged face was glorified. The years of service in the cruel law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth fell from him and the Captain's soul stood before his Maker, robed and uplifted, a white peace.

A moment the man stood, his radiant face lifted, and then he threw back his shoulders as if casting off the burden of the years. Quietly he stooped and covered the restless figure with the blanket.

"Good-bye," he said softly, and Black Wing, absorbed in her grief, did not see the tall figure that slipped down the shining trail into the morning.

"And here," said the Baron, after pausing a little, "is a specimen of original versification. I'll read it to you—I've been told that I read rather well!"

He proceeded as follows:



## On The Sea

*We'll stay no more in the city's grime;  
We'll seek God's ocean, where breath is free;  
We'll be glad and young till the end of time  
Thou and I and the mighty sea*

### I

O, the salty air and the sting of the spray,  
And a lone gull flying against the sky,  
And the smoke of the city is far away,  
Where work is hate, where great thoughts die—  
Above are the long white clouds, below,  
The dark little waves, with white crests curled,  
Then the great blue sky and the purple sea,  
And the line where they meet, at the end of the world!

### II

We'll wake on the sea with the dawning day,  
When the sun comes up thru a fiery mist,  
And brushes the shadows of night away,  
Tell every ripple is brightly kissed—

And into the night's great shadowy heart,  
We will sail together, thou and I,  
When the sea is black and the phosphor flames,  
Under the star-bedazzled sky

### III

For God's strong angels are on the sea,  
I feel the beat of their mighty wings,  
And under the sound of the pounding waves  
Is a wonderful voice that sings and sings—  
For man has harried and spoiled the land  
With the axe and the plough and the factory's smoke,  
While the sea is as fresh from God's own hand  
As in the beginning, when first He spoke—

*So we shall go forth from the city's grime  
And seek God's ocean, where breath is free;  
We'll be glad and young till the end of time,  
Thou and I, and the open sea—*

PHOEBE HUNTER





"Organizations, my dear sir," sniffed the Baron to the faithful Ananias, "play no inconspicuous part at my old school. Nothing and nobody is left unclassified, and I must confess that it enabled me to get a more exact view of the school life as a whole.

"First under this heading comes the staff that edits that wonderful pamphlet I recommended to you—the *Hollins Quarterly*, and if you will but take one fleeting glimpse of these pictures that I obtained of the Editor-in-Chief, surrounded by her literary aspirants, you can readily understand the genius that even now is tending to create a new era in American literature.

"Before displaying these pictures, however, you must hear of the other organizations. Furthermore, my dear sir, the glory of the Institute is not limited to literary talent, but a splendid Y. W. C. A. has been established and, owing to the zeal of the officers, has prospered wonderfully this year."

The Baron chuckled long and silently, then noting Ananias's defrauded air, resumed:

"I was thinking of the two literary societies—the Euepians and Euzelians. I attended meetings of both these societies and recall them distinctly. My first experience was with the Euepians, and a very pleasant one it is, to be sure. My old friend, Dr. Kusian, took me over, and the young ladies evinced great joy at my arrival. During the course of the evening the President, who occupied a tall chair, set upon a platform erected at a tremendous height, was overcome with mirth and in the agitation of the moment, rolled from her pinnacle of dignity. While her body swayed in mid-air, bedlam reigned among the young ladies, and Dr. Kusian called lustily for the President's committee. In an instant I reached the edge of the platform, and as the body finally descended, caught it safely in my arms.

"The whole Society was very indebted to me for my marvelous rescue and a very cordial invitation was extended me for a speedy return.

"The next Saturday night, at the earnest solicitation of the Faculty, I visited the Euzelians. In the other Society I had found great congeniality of spirit and an evident desire towards friendliness, but the instant I entered the Euzelian Hall I felt an uncanny, forbidding something in the atmosphere that reminded me of the Catacombs. Anxious to overcome this, I turned to admire a tapestry, and imagine my horror when the bell was tapped and in sonorous tones I heard:



"'Will the Baron Münchhausen kindly adjust his eyes on the President's chair?'

"I immediately sat down, and never once during the evening did the feeling of oppression leave me. Indeed, I was delighted when the Vice-President read a closing report as follows:

FINED

"'Miss Jones—\$1.00 for having tassel of her cap on wrong side.'

"'Miss Smith—\$.50 for allowing her right foot to extend further forward than the left.'

"'Miss White—\$1.00 for careless and conspicuous use of her hands.'

"'Miss Brown—\$.75 for adjusting her psyche.'

"In great agitation I hurried from the room and was waylaid at the door by a young lady demanding five dollars. I asked the reason, and she replied that I had very maliciously dropped a pin during open debate. I paid the fine and hurried on out, glad to escape their tarantula clutches."

Ananias indulged in a loud guffaw at the Baron's recital and was only silenced by the Baron's dignified request that he look at the photographs and form his own opinion.







## Hollins Quarterly

ELIZABETH GRAVES HARLAN ..... Texas  
*Editor-in-Chief*

LOUISE CARPENTER ..... Virginia  
*Business Manager*

VIRGINIA CORKE ..... West Virginia  
*Assistant Business Manager*

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MAYSIE LYLES ..... South Carolina

BESSIE MAJOR ..... South Carolina

NATALIE HOLMAN ..... Virginia

MARIE LEBBY ..... South Carolina

EUDORA RAMSEY ..... Virginia



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MARGUERITE GEER ..... *Vice-President*

VIRGINIA CORKE ..... *Secretary*

FRANCES MITCHELL ..... *Treasurer*

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JULIA THOM

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MARGUERITE GEER  
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FRANCES MITCHELL  
Secretary



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Treasurer

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## Euepian Literary Society

### Officers

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ROSE HAYWARD  
SOPHIE TILLMAN  
PHOEBE HUNTER

##### Second Term

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VIRGINIA CORKE  
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EUDORA RAMSAY  
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VIRGINIA CORKE  
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AFTON WILLIAMS

#### Treasurer For the Year

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#### Chairmen of Program Committee

VIRGINIA CORKE

BESS HARLAN

#### Lee Evening Officers

FRANCES LONGAN.....President  
MARY MILES.....Vice-President  
PHOEBE HUNTER.....Secretary

## Euepian Roll

RUTH ABBOTT	MARION WILKINSON	LOUISE GAUZE
STELLA BALDWIN	CLARE DENMAN	LOUISE GILL
FLORENCE BOWSER	MARGARET INGRAM	ETHEL GLENN
JOSEPHINE BROWN	ELSIE DOUGAN	JANET GOTTLIEB
IRENE BROWN	EVA JORDAN	ALLINE GULLEDGE
VIRGINIA BROWN		ALICE HAMMOND
LOUISE BRUCE		HELEN HARDY
ELVA CAMERON		BESS HARLAN
LETA CAMP		HELEN HARRIS
DOROTHEA CAMPBELL		LOUISE HAWKINS
NELL CARNEAL		ROSE HAYWARD
ISABELLE COBBS		GLADYS HINTON
JEANIE COCKE		LUCILE HINTON
VIRGINIA COHRON		KITTY HOGE
LAURA LEE COONEY	HELEN HOFFMEIER	
VIRGINIA CORKE	MARY HOLLINS	
MARIE LEBBY	LUCIE LEWIN	
THEO LIPPERT	EDWINA LOCKETT	GRACE MCCOY
	MABEL MCIVER	REINETTE MILLER
	MARY MILES	PAMELA MOORE
	MARGUERITE EHRLMAN	JOSIE KINCAID
	MAY FOWLKES	MARGARET KOKERNOT
	MAI FAIRE LOONEY	FRANCES LONGAN
	ADELAIDE MCBRIDE	ALMAH MCCONIHAY
	ALMEDA MCWHORTER	CLOTHILDE MATTINGLY
	NANCY MERRIMAN	LENORE NOTTINGHAM
	GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER	JULIE OWEN
	EUDORA RAMSAY	SUSIE ROBERTS
	BESSIE SHIELDS	GERALDINE SMITH
	MARY GILBERT SMITH	MARGARET ROSE SMITH
	ELIZABETH THOMPSON	SOPHIE TILLMAN
	MARGARET WEBB	MARION WEBSTER
	SARA WILHITE	AFTON WILLIAMS
		LILLIE LEE
		PHOEBE HUNTER
		VERA DAVIS





## Euzelian Literary Society

### Officers

	<i>Presidents</i>	<i>Vice-Presidents</i>
September	HELEN STEINER	PAULINE LAWTON
October	HELEN STEINER	PAULINE LAWTON
November	JANE WINGFIELD	SUSIE ANDERSON
December	MARY PRESSLEY SMITH	BESSIE MAJOR
January	OLINE BUTTS	FRANCES MITCHELL
February	MAY HALEY	FLORRIE MALONE
March	MARGUERITE GEER	MAYSIE LYLES
April	JULIA THOM	ELIZABETH BENNET
	MARGUERITE GEER	} <i>Secretaries</i>
	PAULINE LAWTON	
NELLIE ANDERSON		<i>Treasurer</i>

### Officers For Opening Meeting

MARGUERITE GEER	<i>President</i>
MAYSIE LYLES	<i>Vice-President</i>

### Officers For Final Meeting

HENRIETTA TAYLOR	<i>President</i>
MARY SULLY HAYWARD	<i>Vice-President</i>

## Euzelian Roll

MOZELLE ALDERMAN	MURIEL BOONE	NELLIE ANDERSON
ANNIE BREWER		SUSIE ANDERSON
LOUISE CARPENTER	LAURA AGNEW	STELLA CROWELL
NANCY ANDERSON	MILDRED CRISS	KATE BROSIUS
RUTH CRUPPER	FLORENCE BARLOW	MARGARET CEFALU
AMELIA BALDWIN	BARON DUNTON	MILDRED BARR
LOIS EMBREE	ROBINETTE BEAR	MARGUERITE GEER
ELIZABETH BENNET	MARIA GARTH	BERTHA BOLTON
MARY GRIFFIN	HARRIET BRYAN	MABEL GRIGSBY
LALLA BURTON	NATALIE HOLMAN	OLINE BUTTS
MAY HALEY	ADA BELL	SULLY HAYWARD
HELEN BRYAN		ELIZABETH JACKSON
ELOISE BUCHER		ROBERTA JACKSON
LOIS MONTGOMERY		SARAH JAMISON
CARLYN NACHMAN		RUTH KING
IDA KING		ESTHER O'KEEFE
ETTIE KINCAID	MARY POWERS	REBECCA PORTER
PAULINE LAWTON	JANIE LAWTON	CLARA PUGH
EDITH PIPKIN	ALICE LINCOLN	MARY LAKE
MAYSIE LYLES	KATIE STONE	JOSIE TATUM
COURTNEY RUDD	MAMIE SINGLETON	
BESSIE MAJOR	MARY PRESSLEY SMITH	
MOLLELLE KUYKENDALL	HELEN STEINER	
SALLIE MARTIN	MARGARET SCOTT	
FLORRIE MALONE	BELLE WOODFIN	ELIZABETH MINER
KITTY MAY SETTLE		MARGUERITE MCCONNELL
RUTH SIMPSON	MAY WALTON	JESSIE MILLER
DAISY SNEAD	RACHEL WILSON	MARJORIE METCALFE
HENRIETTA TAYLOR	AGNES WISE	FRANCES MITCHELL
CORNELIA ORRICK	ROSETTA TERRY	JANE WINGFIELD
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE	BESSIE WILLIAMS	JULIA THOM
HARRIET MASON		MARJORIE VAN DIEVIERE



CLUBS

WE ARE Ananias thoughtfully, and in slow tones said:

BORN TO

The Baron settled himself more comfortably in his arm-chair, eyed

"Indeed—this is a most peculiar phase of organizations, accompanied by none of the showy decorations that I found in other clubs, yet at the same time marked by a certain dignity and reticence. Because of my extensive travel—there being absolutely no State in the Union that I have not either visited or lived in—I was asked to belong to all the state clubs, and ever being of a patriotic nature, I joyously acquiesced—so you see I am well informed on the subject. These clubs, I understand, were originally formed by ambitious, aggrandizing students who wished to create more honors and offices for their own personal use. However, I could get no authority on the matter, but their secrecy impressed me most profoundly. Why, girls belonging to the same club may be thrown together for months at a time, and never by the slightest action betray the fact that there is anything between them, but let a sign appear on the bulletin board calling them together for five-thirty, and not one fails to respond. Moreover, in many respects they verge on military tactics. This latter fact, of course, appealed to me and the similarities may be marked, I believe, as follows:

"Great foraging before a meeting.

"Prompt answer to roll-call.

"Exemplary conduct, forbidding all talk, during the meeting.

"Immediate dismissal after transaction of business.

"Great and hasty consumption of food supplies.

"Establishment of guards at door of sewing room.

"From this you may obtain some idea of what these state clubs are, but one sad fact ever links itself with their memory in my mind. The one stroke of apoplexy I had while at Hollins was occasioned by my attendance upon one of their receptions. The girls arrived in orderly file and without any foolish ado immediately seized upon the refreshments with great gusto. Gaging my actions by their example, I spent two hours in refreshing myself, and my illness was the result—a condition which always follows, I was told by the infirmity matron.

"Be all that as it may, the organizations prosper and pursue the SPINSTER with delicate and showy attentions, and are of great repute, I believe, among the faculty and guardians of the students.

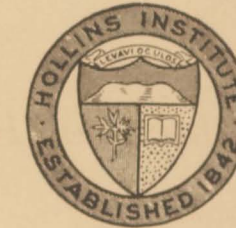


CLUBS - WE ARE  
BORN TO.



## Granddaughters of Hollins

LAURA SCOTT AGNEW ..... Helen McLean '76 ..... Burkeville, Va.  
 HARRIET CORNELIA BRYAN .. Lillian Lyles '82 ..... El Paso, Tex.  
 MARGARET AUSTIN BRYAN .. Lillian Lyles '82 ..... El Paso, Tex.  
 LALLA KIMBALL BURTON... Martha Jeffress '56 ..... Henderson, N. C.  
 JEANIE HARWOOD COCKE... Lucian H. Cocke '73 ..... Roanoke, Va.  
 ANNIE HOWELL ESTES..... Carrie L. Howell '89 ..... Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 ROSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD .. Mary Susan Cocke '66 ..... New Orleans, La.  
 MARY SULLY HAYWARD .... Mary Susan Cocke '66 ..... New Orleans, La.  
 DOROTHY BALL JUDKINS .... Kate Lee Holland '81 ..... Danville, Va.  
 DIXIE VIRGINIA LAMBERT .. Annie O. Wright '86 ..... Waynesboro, Va.  
 EDMONIA PRESTON LEECH .. Minnie Cabell Tutwiler '82 ..... Lexington, Va.  
 MAYSIE LYLES ..... M. Mays Sloan '74 ..... Columbia, S. C.  
 SALLIE EGERTON MARTIN... Mary C. Blount '81 ..... Hickory, N. C.  
 MARY MILES ..... Mattie Morgan '81 ..... Marion, Va.  
 ANNIE MUCKLERoy ..... Maud Campbell '85 ..... Tilden, Tex.  
 LUISE RATH ..... Lelia Mason Turner '91 ..... Hollins, Va.  
 GERTRUDE RATH ..... Lelia Mason Turner '91 ..... Hollins, Va.  
 ANNIE RUTH RIDDICK ..... Yates Council '86 ..... Norfolk, Va.  
 LIZZIE COURTNEY RUDD .... Virginia May Bagby '88 .. Ponce, Porto Rico  
 MARGARET P. SCOTT ..... Eliza Pritchard Bickham '85 .. Baltimore, Md.  
 JULIA C. SMITH ..... Tollie Campbell '86 ..... Paris, Tex.  
 JULIA DOWNMAN THOM .... Bessie Porter Miller '87 .. Washington, D. C.  
 KATHLEEN LOVE WATKINS .. Maggie Reading '77 ..... Millwood, Va.



Granddaughters of Hollins, truly, are we  
 And just as proud as proud can be,  
 Of our long descent and our right to claim  
 A special love, in our mothers' name.  
 We like to think of the olden days,  
 When our mothers dear knew all the ways,  
 And with springing step and lightsome heart  
 In Hollins work and fun took part;  
 And we love to see their faces glow  
 With memories sweet of the long ago,  
 As they talk the old days o'er and o'er,  
 And fancy makes them girls once more—  
 O, Hollins Mother, dear and sweet,  
 Let us, too, kneel at thy dear feet,  
 Teach us the way thou know'st so well  
 Wherein pure peace and pleasure dwell,  
 And when we err and would forget,  
 O, hold us closer, closer yet!





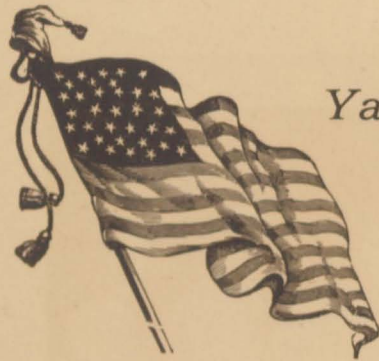
### Louisiana Club

Motto	Flower	Colors
Nous rencontrons pour plaisir	Magnolia	Old Gold and Purple
M. SULLY HAYWARD	<i>President</i>	New Orleans
ROSE P. HAYWARD	<i>Vice-President</i>	New Orleans
BERTHA BOLTON	<i>Secretary</i>	Alexandria
BESSIE SHIELDS		New Orleans
ELIZABETH ARBOGAST		Lake Charles
AGNES WISE		Shreveport
MARGUERITE CEFALU		New Orleans

**Honorary Member**  
MISS THALIA HAYWARD



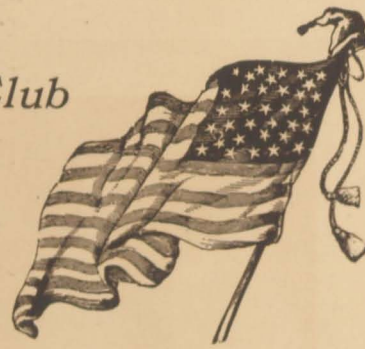




## Yankee Club

Colors  
Gold and White

Flower  
Golden-Rod



Motto  
"Go north, young man!"

Song  
Yankee Doodle

They brought into a Southern garden  
A patch of fragrant Northern sod,  
And now among the Dixie-roses,  
Blooms the Yankee Golden-rod!

PHOEBE HUNTER, Pennsylvania ..... *President*  
FRANCES MITCHELL, Illinois ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Honorary Members

MRS. J. A. TURNER	MISS E. HUTCHINSON	MISS V. PELL
MISS L. SPENCER	MRS. C. HOFFMAN	MR. C. HOFFMAN

### Members

FLORENCE BOWSER .....	Pennsylvania
HELEN BRYAN .....	Indiana
ANNA BREWER .....	New York
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER .....	Pennsylvania
ELVA CAMERON .....	Pennsylvania
ELIZABETH THOMPSON .....	Pennsylvania
ELOISE BUCHER .....	Ohio
MILDRED CRISS .....	New York
ROSE TERRY .....	New York
PAULINE WILHELM .....	Ohio
ALICE HAMMOND .....	Massachusetts
MARGARET LEWIS .....	Pennsylvania
MABEL McIVER .....	Massachusetts
MARJORIE METCALFE .....	New Jersey
LENORE NOTTINGHAM .....	Illinois
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER .....	Pennsylvania
ERNA PIERRON .....	Michigan
ETHEL SCOVEL .....	New Jersey
ADELE MORRIS .....	New Jersey
FLORENCE BARLOW .....	Ohio



## Foreign Club

Motto  
From foreign lands our paths have led  
At Hollins to make us homes instead.

Colors  
Green and Gold

COURTNEY RUDD (Pres.) .....	Ponce, Porto Rico
MARGARET ROSE SMITH .....	Colon, Panama
VETA ELIZABETH WRIGHT .....	Mexico City, Mexico
BELLE McCOMB .....	Paris, France
MURIEL BOONE .....	Shanghai, China
JOY TATUM .....	Shanghai, China



## Tar Heel Club

Colors  
White and Blue

Song  
Carolina

### Officers

EDWINA LOCKETT.....President  
DOUGLAS HILL.....Vice-President  
NANCY ANDERSON.....Secretary and Treasurer

### Members

NANCY ANDERSON .....Charlotte  
LALLA BURTON .....Henderson  
DOUGLAS HILL .....Durham  
BELLE HEYER .....Wilmington  
THEO LIFFERT .....Winston-Salem  
EDWINA LOCKETT .....Winston-Salem  
NANCY MERRIMAN.....Asheville  
SALLIE MARTIN .....Hickory  
KATE McDANIEL.....Kinston  
MILDRED McDANIEL.....Kinston  
JULIA OWEN .....Wilmington  
ALLIE PEEPLES.....Siler City  
EDITH PIPKIN .....Reidsville  
RUTH RHINEHART.....Greensboro  
RUBY SNOW .....High Point  
MARGARET McD. SMITH.....Wilmington



TAR HEEL CLUB



## South Carolina Club

Colors  
Gold and White

Flower  
Daisy

Song

"Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow"

### Officers

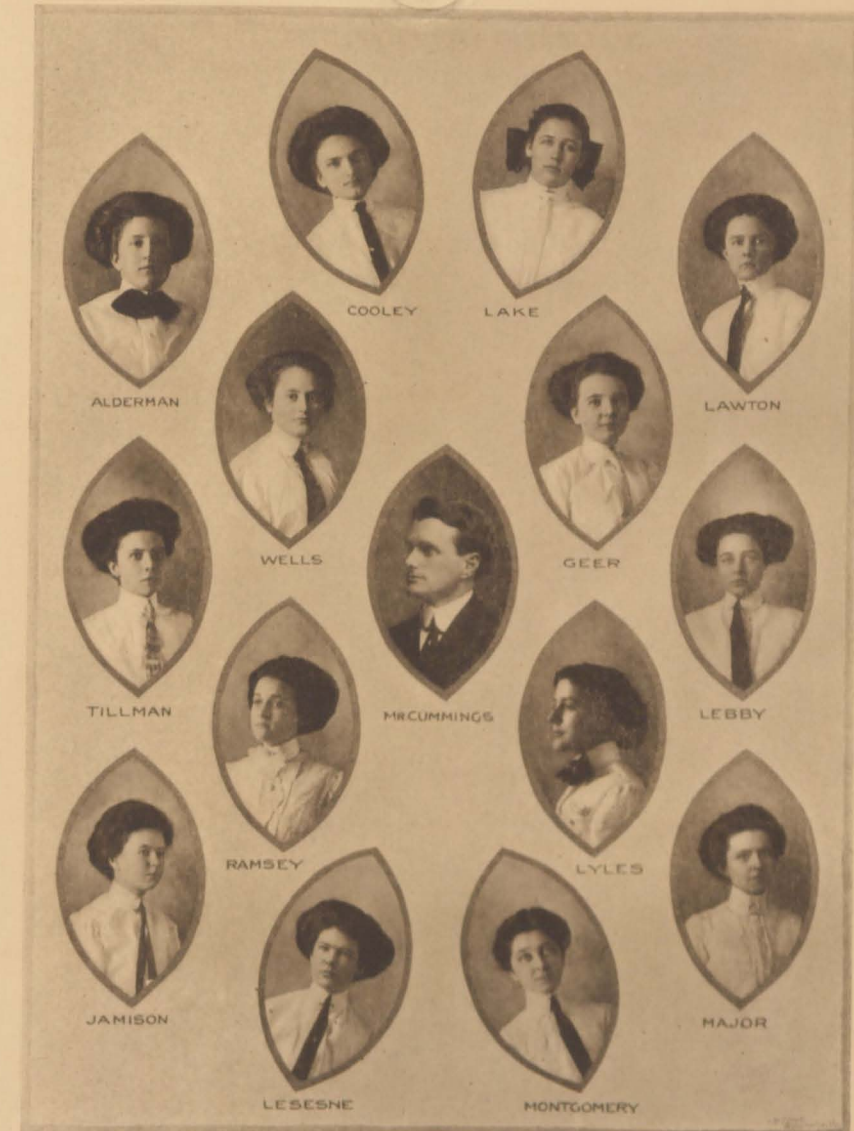
MARGUERITE GEER ..... *President*  
EUDORA RAMSEY ..... *Vice-President*  
SARA WILHITE ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Members

MOZELLE ALDERMAN ..... *Alcolu*  
ANNIE COOLEY ..... *Anderson*  
MARGUERITE GEER ..... *Easley*  
SARAH JAMISON ..... *Greenwood*  
MARY LAKE ..... *Laurens*  
PAULINE LAWTON ..... *Hartsville*  
MARIE LEBBY ..... *Charleston*  
MARIAN LESESNE ..... *Charleston*  
BESSIE MAJOR ..... *Anderson*  
MAYSIE LYLES ..... *Columbia*  
PAMELA MOORE ..... *Columbia*  
LOIS MONTGOMERY ..... *Spartanburg*  
EUDORA RAMSEY ..... *Charleston*  
SOPHIE TILLMAN ..... *Trenton*  
SARA WILHITE ..... *Anderson*  
MARY WELLS ..... *Columbia*

### Honorary Member

MR. F. A. CUMMINGS



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB





## Georgia Club

### Motto

Eat, Drink and Be Merry

### Colors

Red and Black

### Song

"In Dear Old Georgia"

### Officers

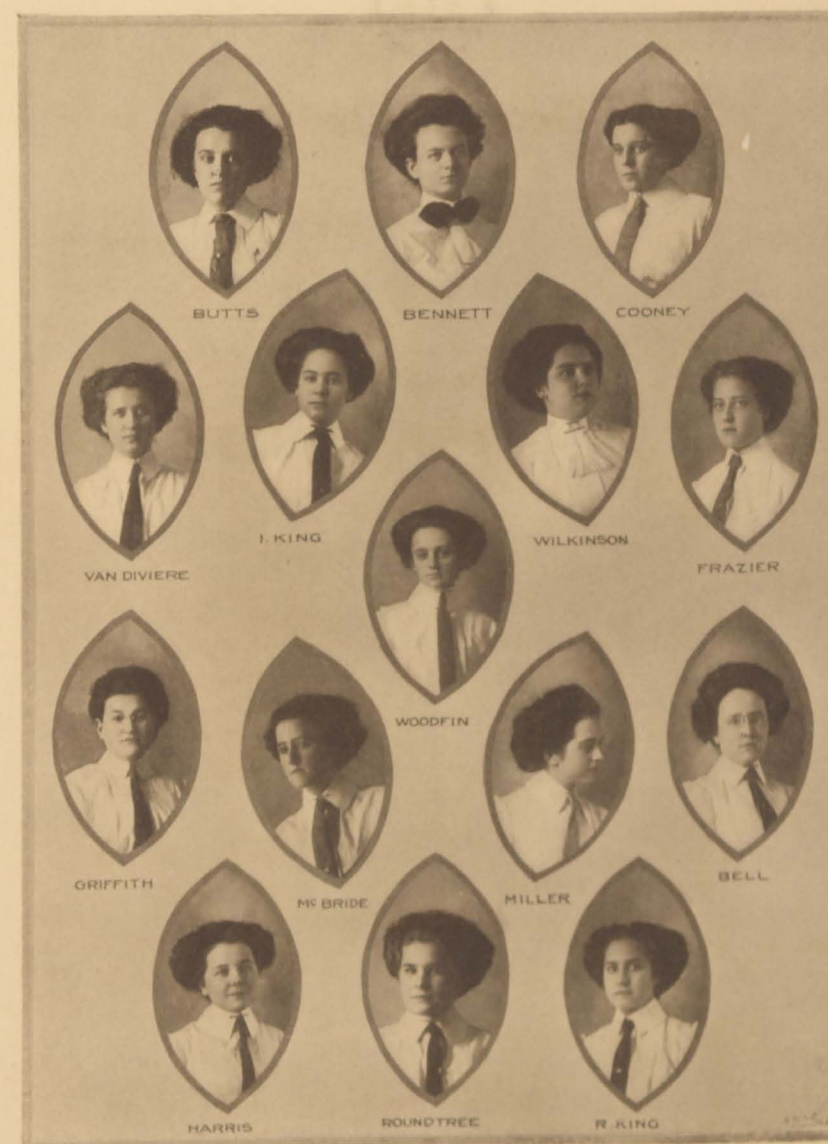
OLINE BUTTS ..... *President*  
ELIZABETH BENNET ..... *Vice-President*  
REINETTE MILLER ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Members

RUTH ABBOT ..... Louisville  
ADA BELL ..... Atlanta  
ELIZABETH BENNET ..... Quitman  
OLINE BUTTS ..... Columbus  
LAURA LEE COONEY ..... Atlanta  
ERSKINE FRAZIER ..... Atlanta  
MARY GRIFFITH ..... Atlanta  
MAUDE HARRIS ..... Savannah  
IDA KING ..... Atlanta  
RUTH KING ..... Atlanta  
ADELAIDE MCBRIDE ..... Savannah  
REINETTE MILLER ..... Atlanta  
MADA ROUNTREE ..... Quitman  
MARJORIE VAN DIVIERE ..... Savannah  
BELLE WOODFIN ..... Atlanta  
MARION WILKINSON ..... Marion

### Honorary Members

MRS. A. F. CUTHBERTSON    MRS. ELLA COCKE    MRS. LUCIAN COCKE



GEORGIA CLUB



## Alabama Club

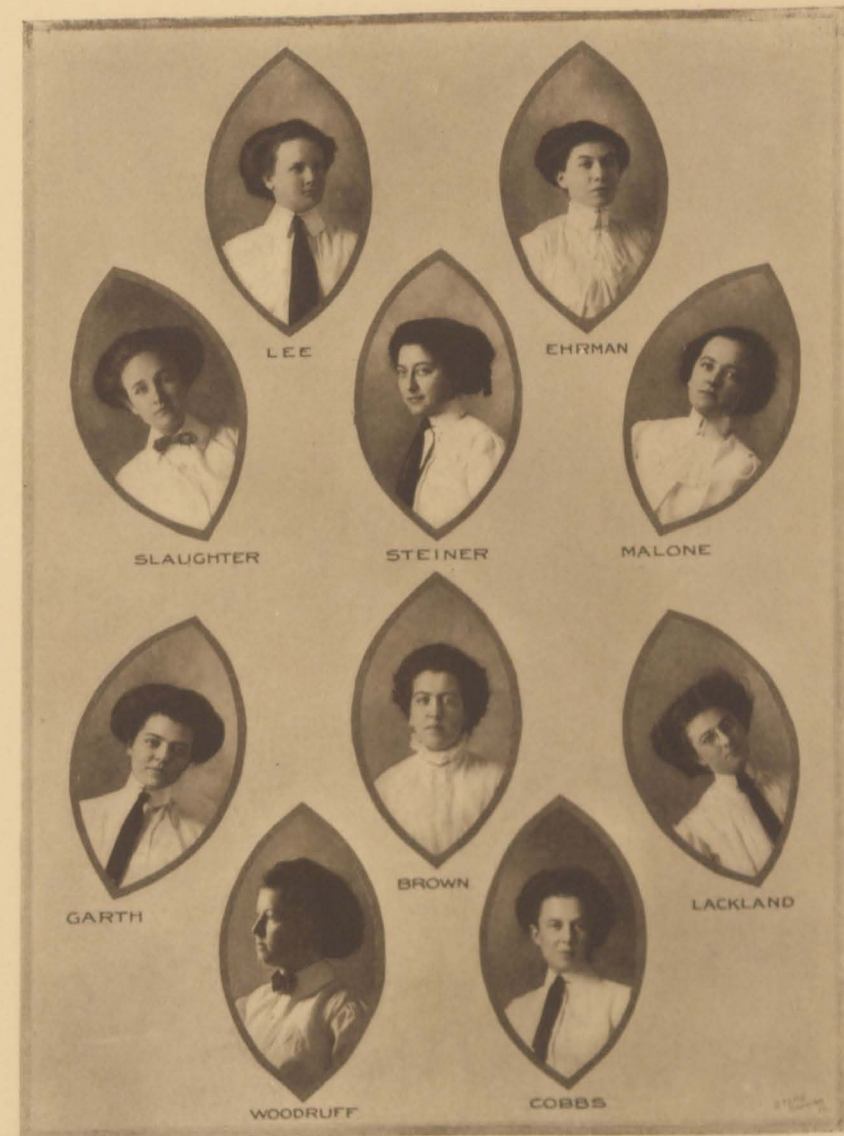
Song	Motto	Colors
Alabama	Meet to eat	Red and White

### Officers

HELEN CAMP STEINER.....	President
FLORRIE MALONE.....	Vice-President
ISABELLE COBBS .....	Treasurer

### Members

VIRGINIA BROWN.....	Scottsboro
MARGUERITE EHRMAN.....	Birmingham
TRUXIE LACKLAND.....	Grove Hill
MARGARET LEWIS .....	Birmingham
LILLIE LEE .....	Montgomery
MARIA GARTH .....	Huntsville
MAMIE SINGLETON .....	Union Springs
CHARLOTTE SLAUGHTER.....	Talladega
ELIZABETH WOODRUFF .....	Anniston



ALABAMA CLUB





## West Virginia Club

Colors  
Gold and Blue

Song  
"West Virginia Hills"

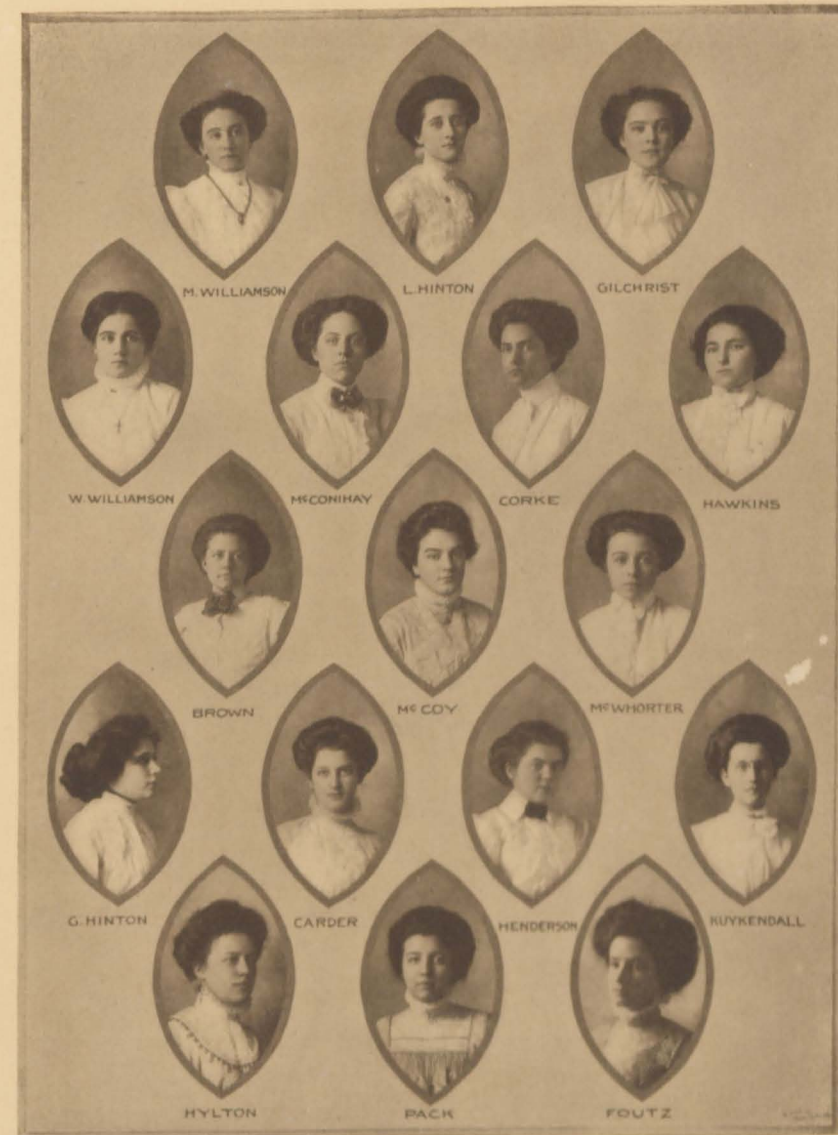
Flower  
Rhododendrom

### Officers

VIRGINIA CORKE ..... *President*  
ALMAH McCONIHAY ..... *Vice-President*  
LOUISE HAWKINS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Members

KENNERLY BROWN ..... Buffalo  
AGNES CARDER ..... Huntington  
VIRGINIA CORKE ..... Charleston  
EVELYN FOUTZ ..... Bluefield  
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST ..... Wheeling  
LOUISE HAWKINS ..... Huntington  
GLADYS HINTON ..... Hinton  
MAXIE WILLIAMSON ..... Williamson  
WINNIE WILLIAMSON ..... Williamson  
CONSTANCE HENDERSON ..... Parkersburg  
LUCILE HINTON ..... Hinton  
VERA HILTON ..... Bramwell  
TRIXIE JONES ..... Huntington  
MOLLELE KUYKENDALL ..... Martinsburg  
ALMAH McCONIHAY ..... Charleston  
GRACE MCCOY ..... Sistersville  
ALMEDA McWHORTER ..... Charleston  
DAISY PACK ..... Bramwell  
EMILY SCHÖEW ..... Bramwell



WEST VIRGINIA CLUB



## Tennessee Club

### Officers

LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE.....President  
 ANNE ESTES.....Vice-President  
 MARGUERITE McCONNELL.....Secretary and Treasurer

### Members

ANNETTE STAINBACK.....Memphis  
 VIRGINIA WILLIAMS.....Elizabethton  
 MARGUERITE McCONNELL.....Knoxville  
 THERESE FANZ.....Knoxville  
 MARY HOLLINS.....Nashville  
 LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE.....Knoxville  
 ANNE ESTES.....Chattanooga



TENNESSEE CLUB





## Texas Club

### Officers

CLARE SHIRLEY DENMAN ..... *President*  
 ELIZABETH GRAVES HARLAN ..... *Vice-President*  
 JOSEPHINE KINCAID ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Members

MARGUERITE KOKERNOT .....	San Antonio	
JOSEPHINE KINCAID .....	San Antonio	
JOSEPHINE BROWN .....	San Marcos	SARAH SANDIDGE ..... Ft. Worth
HARRIET BRYAN .....	El Paso	BESS HARLAN ..... Marlan
MARGUERITE BRYAN .....	El Paso	JULIA SMITH ..... Paris
VERA DAVIS .....	Plano	FRANK KING ..... Taylor
ALLINE GULLEDGE .....	Plano	JERRY SMITH ..... Orange
MILDRED HARDY .....	Corsicana	JANIE BELLE GRIFFITH ... Terrell
HELEN HARDY .....	Corsicana	LOUISE GAUZE ..... Ft. Worth
MARTHA HARRIS .....	Clarksville	ANNIE MUCKLERoy ..... Terrell
MAI FAIRE LOONEY....	Greenville	ELLIE KINCAID .... San Antonio
ADDIE SHARPE .....	Detroit	CLARE DENMAN .... San Antonio



TEXAS CLUB





## Old Dominion Club

### Officers

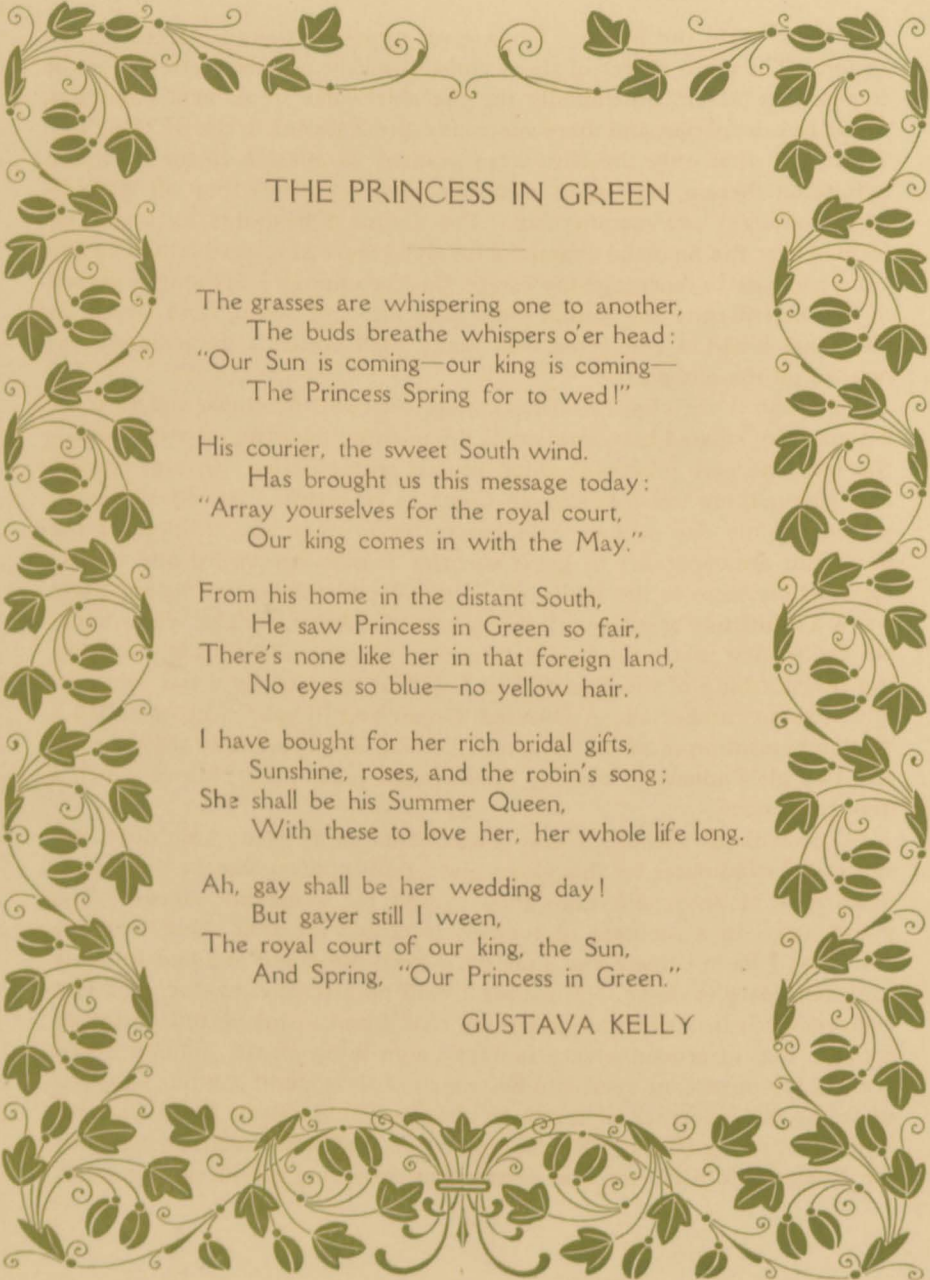
NELL CARNEAL ..... *President*  
 LOUISE CARPENTER ..... *Vice-President*  
 NELL ANDERSON ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### Members

ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD	ELIZABETH DEW	SUSIE ANDERSON
BARON DUNTON	KATE BROSIUS	MAY FOWLKES
LOUISE GILL	AMELIA BURACHER	KATHRINE GIVEN
MAY HALEY	DOROTHEA CAMPBELL	JANIE COCKE
FANNIE HALEY	VIRGINIA COHRON	ALENE HILL
ETHEL LONG	ELOISE HARRIS	BESSIE MONROE
KATHLEEN MONROE	BESSIE HOLLAND	BELLE McCOMB
NATALIE HOLMAN	HARRIET MASON	JENNIE HOPKINS
URA MATHEWS	MARGARET INGRAM	DORA MEEK
MARY MILES	ELIZABETH JACKSON	BILLY MONCURE
ROBERTA JACKSON	CARLYN NACHMAN	THERESE NURNEY
GUSTAVA KELLY	MARY POWERS	JANIE LAWSON
CLARA PUGH	EDMONIA LEECH	ENDORA RAMSEY
RUTH RIDDICK	SUSIE ROBERTS	RUTH CRUPPER
CORNELIA ELLIS	ALICE LEE SHENK	LOIS EMBREE
RUTH SIMPSON	LUCY LEWIN	ROSALIE SNEED
ELIZABETH MINOR	MARGARET SPRATT	LUCELIA McCLAIN
KITTY STONE	DOROTHY JUDKINS	LAURA TUCKER
KATHLEEN WATKINS	RUTH WHITTLE	MARGARET WEBB
BESSIE WILLIAMS	JANE WINGFIELD	LAURA AGNEW







### THE PRINCESS IN GREEN

The grasses are whispering one to another,  
The buds breathe whispers o'er head:  
"Our Sun is coming—our king is coming—  
The Princess Spring for to wed!"

His courier, the sweet South wind,  
Has brought us this message today:  
"Array yourselves for the royal court,  
Our king comes in with the May."

From his home in the distant South,  
He saw Princess in Green so fair,  
There's none like her in that foreign land,  
No eyes so blue—no yellow hair.

I have bought for her rich bridal gifts,  
Sunshine, roses, and the robin's song;  
She shall be his Summer Queen,  
With these to love her, her whole life long.

Ah, gay shall be her wedding day!  
But gayer still I ween,  
The royal court of our king, the Sun,  
And Spring, "Our Princess in Green."

GUSTAVA KELLY

### CLUBS WE HAVE ACHIEVED

"Here," said the Baron, "I had great opportunities for careful exploration. The main object of these clubs, my dear sir, seems to be for the furtherance of embellishments for the shirtwaist front, arm bandages, waist-line draperies, and more spacious representation in the SPINSTER. I was told that only the élite were granted permission to try to obtain admission therein, and quite naturally when I arrived they all immediately besought my membership. For a time I hesitated as I was informed that the financial exactions involved were of a terrible nature and I did not care to mortgage my estate, but fortunately I bethought myself of an ancient ruby the Sultan once gave me, and taking it to Green, in Roanoke, I had it converted into ready cash which I immediately expended on the clubs.

"I found it very hard to discriminate between the clubs, and as some little rivalry existed between two of the most noteworthy organizations—the Maskers and Jokers—I allied myself with neither. One afternoon, as I was making towards Carvan Creek to go boating, the cries of what seemed to me one million wild beasts broke upon the stillness of the mountain atmosphere. In great surprise I drew my sword and hastily retraced my steps to the Institute. There completely encircling the place I saw a multitude of girls with flying hair brandishing sticks, water buckets and similar instruments of destruction. I remembered that once during the storming of the Bastile I had quelled the mob by a few remarks, and without further ado I mounted Tinker and in calm accents called a halt and cessation of arms. It acted like magic; immediately they obeyed and two girls advanced bearing Masker and Joker pins, both of which I donned at once.

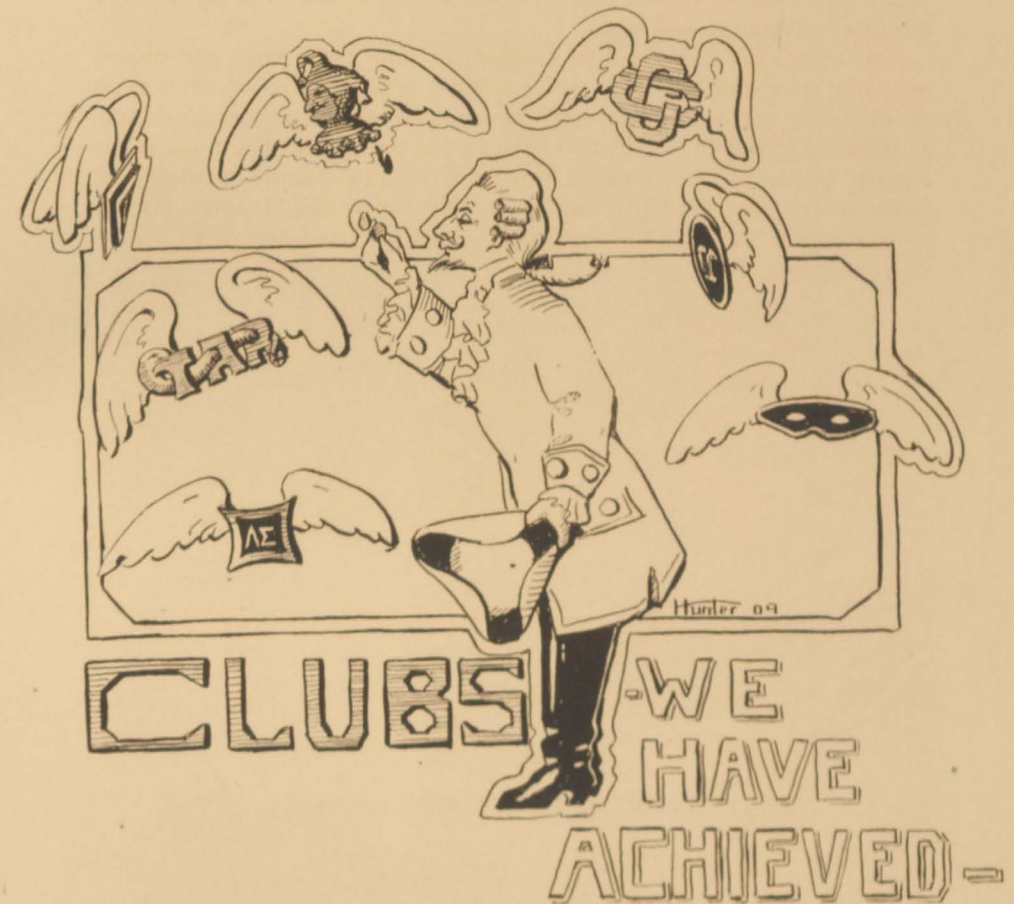
"Towards the end of my stay I was harassed by many ambitious, unsuccessful candidates for this glory, and I must confess that by their manifestations of envy and rage they caused me some uneasiness. One young lady, in a moment of temper, informed me that there was one club that I hadn't made and that she'd keep me out if she had to come back ten years to do so. Of course I paid no attention to this, as I had been received into every organization that I had heard of, but curiously enough, that afternoon a very fantastic sign hung on the bulletin board greeted my observant eyes, and by reason of its general contour suggested to me the existence of a branch chapter of the Black Hand Society. I appealed to the SPINSTER for protection, and considered 'phoning for the Roanoke Militia, but that gentle lady informed me in caustic tones



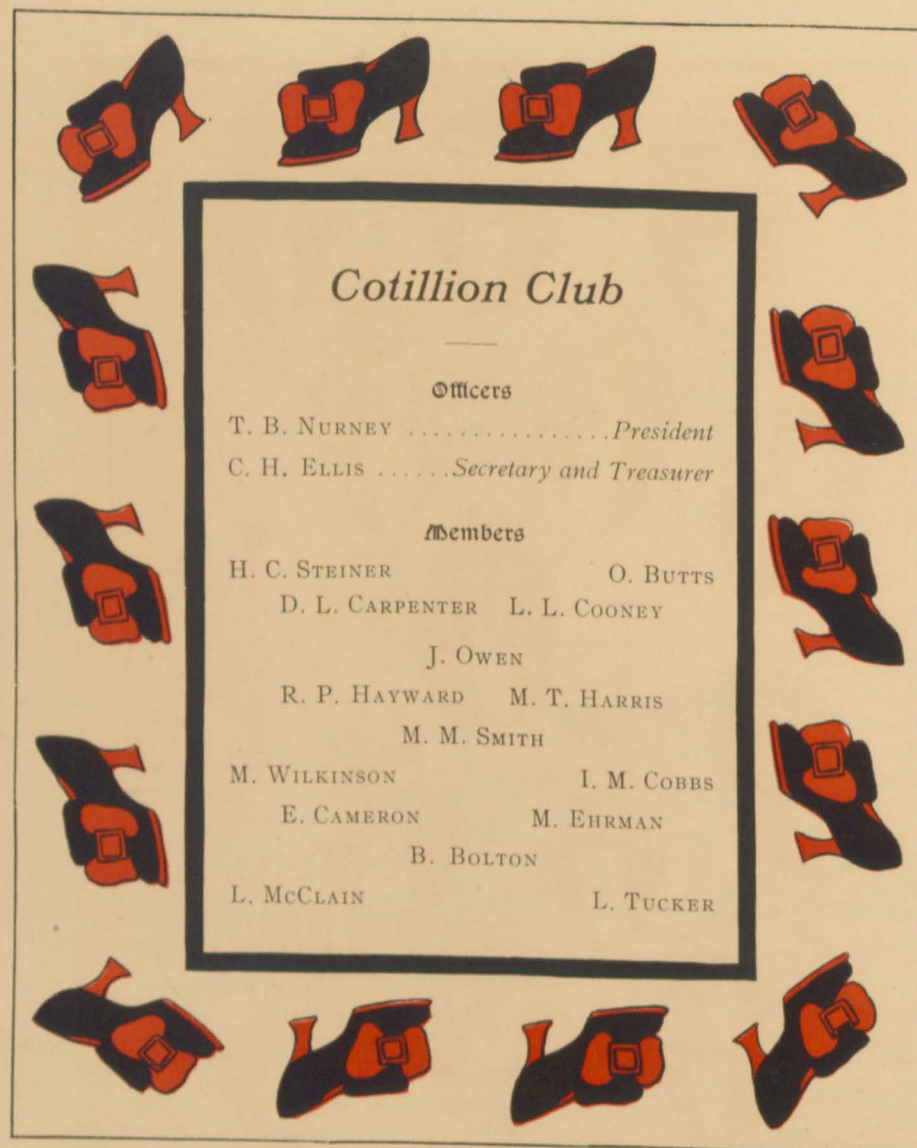
that 'she really didn't know what I could mean and to never say another word on the subject.'

"During my stay I was appealed to by members of various sororities to use my power of veto to keep out undesirable members of sister clans, but this I firmly refused to do.

"Although the most popular students acquire great fame and prominence by their club alliances, and expend a great number of bank-notes on the glory thereof, I afterwards ascertained that these same damsels, so haughty in public circles, had been forced by necessity to form secret leagues known as the Frenzied Finance Club, thus degrading their own pride, which they hoped to recover during the balmy summer days in perusal of the SPINSTER and the frequent occurrence of their cognomens therein.







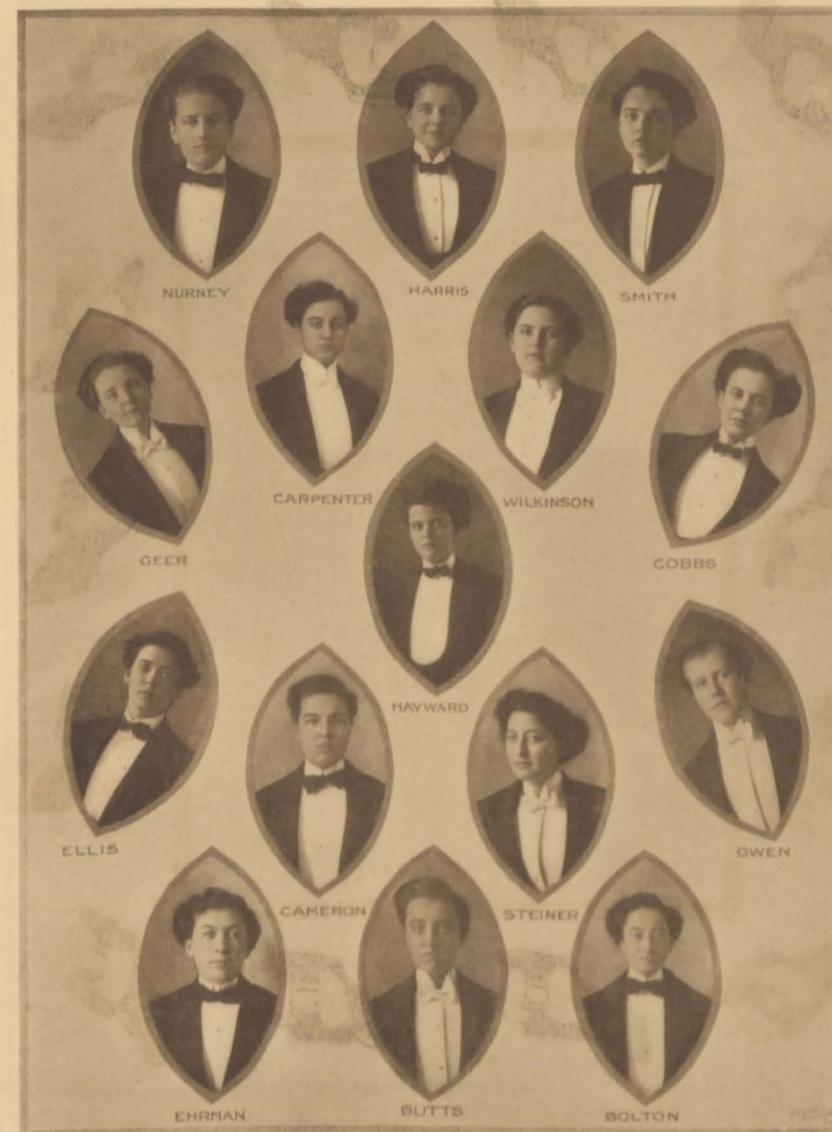
*Cotillion Club*

**Officers**

T. B. NURNEY ..... *President*  
 C. H. ELLIS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

**Members**

H. C. STEINER	O. BUTTS
D. L. CARPENTER	L. L. COONEY
J. OWEN	
R. P. HAYWARD	M. T. HARRIS
M. M. SMITH	
M. WILKINSON	I. M. COBBS
E. CAMERON	M. EHRMAN
B. BOLTON	
L. McCLAIN	L. TUCKER



COTILLION CLUB





## Strikers

### Active Members

ALMAH McCONIHAY	MARY WELLS
THERESE NURNEY	MAUDE HARRIS
BESSIE HOLLAND	OLINE BUTTS
BOBBY LEBBY	MARGARET LEWIS
FRANCES MITCHELL	

### Senior Members

SULLY HAYWARD	SOPHIE TILLMAN
HELEN STEINER	PHOEBE HUNTER



Color  
Lantern Light

Watchword  
Sh-sh-sssh

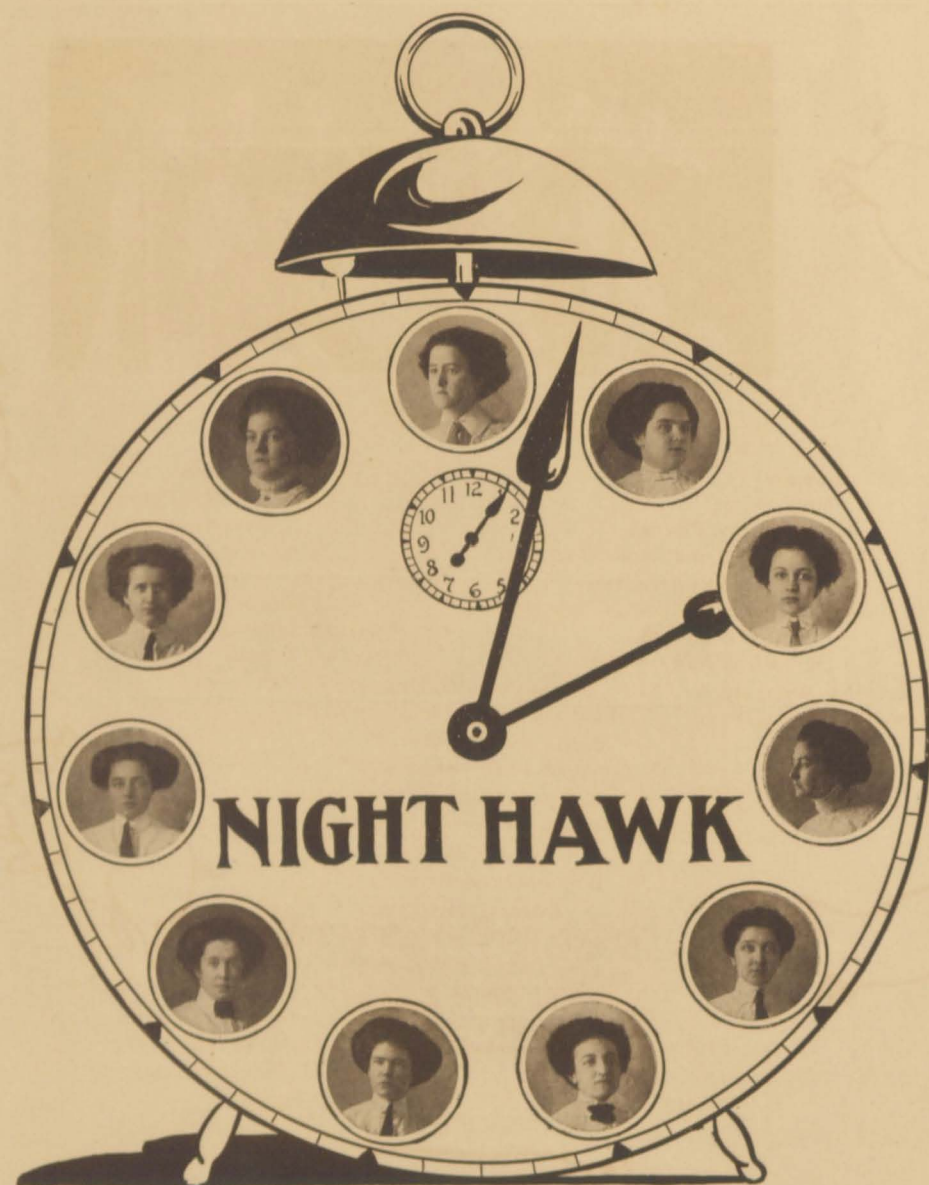
Song  
I'll be there at 10:30

### Chosen Few

HELEN STEINER .....	Peter Pincher
LOUISE CARPENTER .....	Motley Mucker
MARY MILES .....	Snickering Sneezer
ANNIE ESTES .....	Hasty Hider
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER .....	Quiet Quibber
HENRIETTA TAYLOR .....	Jabbering Jamberwac
FRANCES LONGAN .....	Sleepy Slunk
MARIE SPIVEY .....	Grub Grabber
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER .....	Rollicking Rover

Honorary Member  
MRS. CUTHBERTSON





D---F. F.

Watchword

More

BECKY PORTER

"Please go 'way and let me sleep"

LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE

"My name's Jimmie, I'll take all you gimme"

RETTE TAYLOR

"My alarm didn't sound"

AFTON WILLIAMS

Naw, I ain't a-going"

CORNELIA ORRICK

"What you want me to get up for?"

MAMIE SINGLETON

"O, I stepped in the mayonnaise"

MARGARET SMITH

"Kiddo, come on, the Banquet's spread"

MARIE SPIVEY

"Will candy make you fat?"

LUCELIA McCLAIN

"Don't kick the water bucket"

LALLA BURTON

"Woe is me"

OCIE JENNINGS

"Sh--somebody's coming"

Motto

Practice Makes Perfect Pigs

BESS HARLAN

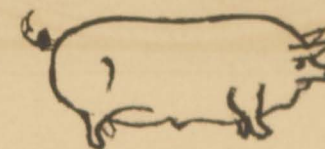
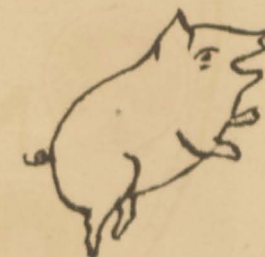
"Te, he, he! Ain't it cute!"

ANNIE ESTES

"Give me any old thing,"

FRANCES LONGAN

"My, ain't it cold!"







# Prowlers

CARNEAL	WILSON	WILLIAMS	HOPKINS	BROWN	CRISS
SINGLETON	SCHMELZ	LEECH	J. SMITH	LONGAN	S. SMITH
MATHEWS	F. HALEY	M. HALEY	ARBOGAST		



## The Dramatic Club

In their latest Histrionic Triumph, entitled  
The Bloody Mystery of the Banjo Player's Trunk  
OR  
All for Love of Genevieve

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

GENEVIEVE DEMANDEVILLE HOBBS	Juliet Montcastle
REUBIN HOBBS (Millionaire hotel keeper)	Iago Taylor
ALGERNON BANJOSKY (A Russian Musician)	Romeo Nurney
TOMMY HOBBS	Falstaff Harris
COUNT SILVOUSPLAIT, alias Three Fingered Harry	Hamlet Longan
MARQUIS DE BON SOIR, alias Boozey Bill	Macbeth Harlan
MONSIEUR ENTRE NOUS, alias Sneaky Pete	Othello Wells
NETTIE, wife of Harry	Ophelia Tillman
TEENIE, daughter of Harry, age six	Little Jeanie Cocke
HEMLOCK BONES, detective	Banquo Tillman
FANNY FOOTLIGHTS	Desdemona Hunter
CARRIE KICKER	Cordelia McConihay
PIDGIE PINKTIGHTS	Hermione Hayward
LEADER OF ORCHESTRA	M. Sousa Singleton
DRAMATISTS	Beaumont Harlan and Fletcher Hunter
STAGE MANAGER	P. Hunter





## Nine Naughty Nibblers

Motto

"Out, out brief candle."

TERRY TRUX LACKLAND

ROBERTA JACKSON

MARY POWERS

BESSIE WILLIAMS

ANNA BREWER

ALICE LINCOLN

KATE BROSIUS

JANIE LAWSON

ROSE TERRY



## Skippers

LAWTON	LIUFFERT	BOLTON	SHIRLEY	SMITH	MARTIN	THOMPSON
MALONE	GIVEN	CEPALU	LEE	MATTINGLY		

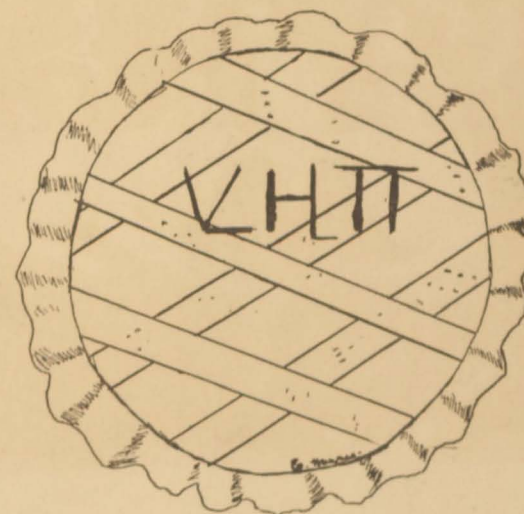




## *High Livers*

"We live up to our name"

LOUISE BRUCE	FLORENCE IVES	AMELIA BURACHER
ALMEDA McWHORTER	LAURA LEE COONEY	
JULIE OWEN	ADELE PATTON	
KATHRINE GIVEN		
HELEN HARDY	HELEN HOFFMIER	
ALICE LEE SHENK	PAULINE WILHELM	
LOUISE HAWKINS	BELÉN WOODFIN	



## *Eta Hunka Pi*

JESSIE MILLER	DOROTHEA CAMPBELL
ERNA H. PIERRON	ANNETTA STAINBACK
MABEL McIVER	STELLA CROWELL
ALICE HAMMOND	SARAH SANDIDGE
MABEL GRIGSBY	





## EPICUREANS

Eat, drink and be merry  
For tomorrow we die.

Place: 4 Room.	Setting: Romantic.	Time: Duodecem Post Meridian.
Epicureans		
Cicero: I. COBBS, (Orator of hungry pack.)		
J. Caesar: K. HOGE, (Conqueror of stores.)	M. Brutus: (A. PARTON. Not that I love rulers less, but food more.)	Crassus: C. ELLIS, (Source of supply.)
C. Gracchus: L. HAWKINS, (Lost in the scuffle.)	Pompey: E. LOCKETT, (There, at casting of plot.)	Cassius: L. TUCKER, (Lean and hungry.)
M. Antony: F. IVES, (Lend me your appetite.)	Little Augustus: A. McWHORTER, (Out alone for first time.)	

# That Upsilon







CARDER



HEYER

K.T.S.



NACHMAN



SCHOEW



Tilcum

Motto

Nahionqua to

Manitu

ADA BELL

LUCY LEWIN

ELIZABETH BENNET

CLOTILDE MATTINGLY

MARY GRIFFIN

MADA ROUNTREE

HELEN HARDY

SUSIE ROBERTS

NATALIE HOLMAN

MARY PRESSLEY SMITH

MARGARET KOKERNOT

BELLE WOODFIN



## *Pi Phi*

STELLA M. CROWELL.....Florida  
 VERA DAVIS .....Texas  
 ALINE GULLEDGE .....Texas  
 ROBERTA L. JACKSON.....Virginia  
 HARRIETT B. MASON .....Virginia  
 CLARA B. PUGH....Virginia  
 ANNETTE L. STAINBACK .....Tennessee  
 VETA E. WRIGHT .....Mexico



PUGH



WRIGHT



CROWELL



GULLEDGE



DAVIS



MASON



JACKSON



STAINBACK





## Glee Club

HUNTER AND HAYWARD.....Managers

### Members

PHOEBE C. HUNTER	ELIZABETH HARLAN
SOPHIE O. TILLMAN	THERESE NURNEY
FRANCES T. LONGAN	ERNA PIERRON
LAURA P. TUCKER	MABEL GRIGSBY
MILDRED CRISS	ELOISE BUCHER
MAMIE P. SINGLETON	LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE
ALMAH McCONIHAY	SULLY HAYWARD
HELEN C. STEINER	HENRIETTA TAYLOR
ALMEIDA McWHORTER	CORNELIA ELLIS
PAULINE WILHELM	LUCELIA McCLAIN
ROSE HAYWARD	CORNELIA ORRICK





## The Adas

BEN GREET  
MISS WILLIAMSON

### Honorary Members

MRS. CUTHBERTSON  
THE ESTES COCKE FAMILY

### Characteristics

**A**DAS are born, not made, and for this reason a pall has been thrown on the social life of three of Hollins's representative daughters, Misses Carpenter, Tillman, and Miles, who, because they manifested no marked development of Adaostic tendencies, are known as "those who tried to make Ada, and couldn't." The Adas are conspicuous by their rallies, banquets, and meals, the shades of difference between the three being marked by the price thereof: Rally, 25c, Banquet, 50c, Meal, \$1.00. All of these functions are celebrated by a great show of enthusiasm, a chief feature being the songs that are sung, more beautified by the sentiment than by words or melody.

*"The Adas are fine! The Adas are grand!  
And when they do things they do to beat the band.  
So it's Rah! Rah! for Ada, Ada!  
Rah! Rah! for Ada, Ada!  
Rah! Rah! for Ada!  
A. D. A.!"*

ROSE HAYWARD  
PHOEBE HUNTER  
LOUISE CARPENTER  
HELEN STEINER  
FLORENCE IVES  
JEANIE COCKE  
ALMEDA MCWHORTER  
BESS HARLAN  
ALMAH MCCONIHAY  
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE

LOUISE HAWKINS  
CORNELIA ORRICK  
STELLA BALDWIN  
PAMELA MOORE  
FRANCES LONGAN







## *Mummies*

LAURA LEE COONEY	JULIA OWEN
MILDRED CRISS	MARGARET SCOTT
DOROTHY JUDKINS	ELIZABETH THOMPSON
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER	RACHEL WILSON
<i>Honorary Member</i>	
HELEN STEINER	

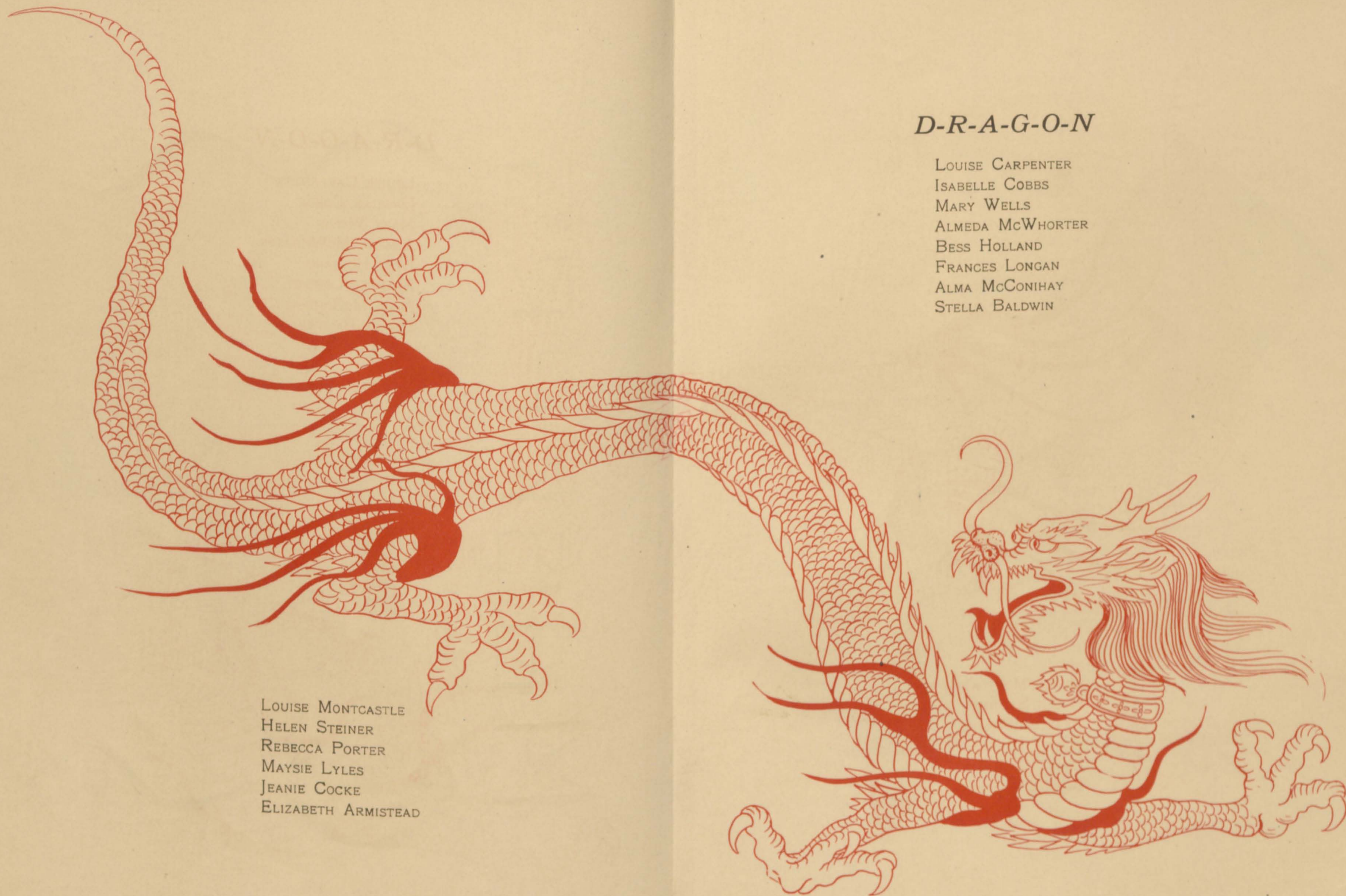




## *D-R-A-G-O-N*

LOUISE CARPENTER  
ISABELLE COBBS  
MARY WELLS  
ALMEDA McWHORTER  
BESS HOLLAND  
FRANCES LONGAN  
ALMA McCONIHAY  
STELLA BALDWIN

LOUISE MONTCASTLE  
HELEN STEINER  
REBECCA PORTER  
MAYSIE LYLES  
JEANIE COCKE  
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD





# T A R

ROSE HAYWARD

PHOEBE HUNTER

BESS HARLAN

FRANCES LONGAN

HELEN HARRIS

MARY MILES

THERESE NURNEY

SOPHIE TILLMAN

HENRIETTA TAYLOR

MAUDE HARRIS

## THE BARON REVIEWS HOLLINS FRATS.

"Of course, one of the first things that came to my attention at Hollins," said the Baron, "was the system by which the entire student body is gradually becoming classified under Greek letter headings. Even during my brief visit half a dozen new groups took Greek letters unto themselves, and petitioned for recognition from the SPINSTER. She seems to be the bringer-out of all Greek letter debutantes, as it were. This year the poor lady seemed rather oppressed by her responsibilities. You see she dislikes to show partiality, but feels it her duty to make some discrimination as regards age and standing of such bodies."

"Did you become acquainted with any of these organizations personally?" inquired Ananias. "I have often wondered what was their aim and purpose."

"Oh, yes; I never allow little points to pass me by," said the Baron. "This year the aim of all seems to be in the line of reproduction,—such digging and delving into the darkest corners of isolation for new members, I never saw. This year, I have heard, there is to be a great exodus of the salt of Hollins, and every little sorority is scratching around for people who are coming back next year. When I went to Hollins, people patiently waited and worked to join a frat.; now the fraternities are contemplating giving trading-stamps to any one who will consent to swell their numbers."

"Ah!" the Baron sighed with manifest pride and deep satisfaction.

"Here is a gem of a collection!" And he took from off a chain about his neck a tiny golden key, and after diving down in a great trunk, pulled out an elaborate case, which he opened with a great flourish.

Ananias all this time had been leaning over the Baron's shoulder, breathlessly attentive. Slowly and with great deliberation, the roll of velvet was unfolded to his bewildered eyes, on which was fastened a multitude of glittering jewels,—emeralds, pearls, turquoise, diamonds, and rubies, but most conspicuously of all, imposing gold and black enamel. With a flourish the Baron draped the bedecked plush, in the manner of a tidy, on the back of his rocking chair, then withdrawing to a respectful distance, he gazed upon the glittering array with adoring eyes, and reminisced thus, in a dazed, hushed voice:

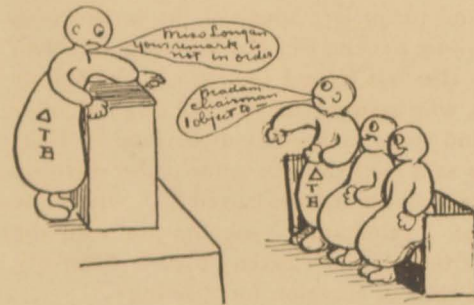
"Ah, the splendor of Golconda's mines, the glory and richness of Aladdin's magic cave! Can anything equal these little tokens of my Hollins friends! I prize these distinguished emblems above all the memories of those dear, happy days, because they stand for so much!"



Ananias gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the Baron's unusual emotion. First the gentleman took a few steps forward, then backward, murmuring all the while:

"My fraternity pins—my fraternity pins! What man can boast of such an honorable compilation? When I gaze upon them, all other decorations vanish into meager insignificance in my eyes. 'T is true, I have every honor in this line that the most grasping might crave, but my Victorian Cross, or my Badge of the Garter, to say nothing of my Order of the Golden Fleece, are paltry and meaningless beside these distinguished emblems."

Leaning over, the Baron extracted a diamond-shaped pin from the case, at the same time breaking his highly polished nail on the unwieldy safety catch.



"Alack, the emblem of the Delta Tau Beta Sorority. How well I remember the little dark-haired maiden who came to me under cover of darkness and in a manner awful with mystery, begging me to add my illustrious name to her sisterhood. Since I had been rather lonely during these first few days I eagerly seized this opportu-

nity of being afforded friends and companions, and joyfully pinned the token upon my coat lapel. But to my astonishment, the young lady exclaimed in horrified tones:

"'Oh, you can't wear it *outside* for several weeks more. And mind you don't speak to or claim the acquaintance of any of your new sisters until you are initiated.'

"Much disappointed, I asked who were my new sisters, and the young lady informed me that I could tell them easily enough, because all would ignore me completely and cut me dead, on the campus and on all public occasions, until the initiation was over.

"'But perhaps we shan't care for each other when the time comes,' I ventured.

"'Oh, don't let that worry you,' she said pleasantly, 'for we all belong to so many clubs that we don't see much of each other anyhow. You'll

make a club soon, *we'll see to that*, and then you're all right. It really is a pleasure,' she continued reminiscently, 'to see my little friends as such social lights,—and their debuts have been so sudden and unexpected, too. It hasn't been like this since the days of Rosamond and Brent. I'm so much easier in spirit now about leaving next year—my roommate has been such a help this year about keeping us in the public eye of Hollins social life, and I owe a great deal to her, even though she is a trial to me in student body meetings.'

"From similar conversations during those first days, I noticed numerous peculiarities in the different Sororities and made up my mind to ally myself with no particular one, but rather to accept the attentions of all of them."

The Baron stopped abruptly, replaced the pin, at the same time extracting another jewel-encrusted shield from the roll, speaking thus:

"To me these million pearls and turquoises speak of the conspicuous grandeur of the Phi Mu Gammas—no, not the Phi Mu Gammas, but their pin. It was recommended to me the first time I took tea in the stately apartments of the Lady Principal, who assured me that the original pin—along with her brass tea-kettle and toast rack—was discovered in Florence and brought back to Hollins as a memento for some of her favorite charges. At the earnest solicitations of an auburn-haired girl, whom the SPINSTER seemed quite fond of, I reluctantly took the pin with the assurance that my time would not be too much taken up with fraternity business, as there was really very seldom occasion for meetings."

"How many members are there in this organization?" Ananias asked, in breathless amazement.

"Seven active students," answered the Baron, replacing the pin in its former position, "not counting the members that remained at home after Christmas, and the Dianas that occupy the otherwise useless corner-shelves in their several boudoirs."

Then he unfastened another diamond-shaped pin, almost invisible to the naked eye. Ananias studied it carefully.

"Haven't you showed me this before?"

"Oh, no indeed," the Baron answered with quelling dignity. "This is a favorite shape of the Hollins fraternities. This" he said, smiling reminiscently, "is the token of the Kappa Delta bonds. Well do I remember the day it was pinned upon my coat lapel by a young lady whom I recall by her excited chuckling and loud queries as to whom I might be. Hav-



ing ascertained that I was the Baron Münchhausen, she lost no time in tearing this pin from a mass of laces and furbelows that swathed her, and presenting it to me with the remark that she certainly was glad she got to me before the Naughty-Naughts, of whom I had not as yet heard. At first I had mistaken this pin for the student body badge, as it seemed to be worn by almost everybody, but the girl informed me that they were endeavoring to meet the demands of their 'Grand Chapter' by absorbing all who were willing to dispense with studies, excepting, of course, the National Cloak and Suit Company Catalogue and send to the store with Epicurean enthusiasm. The SPINSTER, noticing this addition, informed me that she had heard that the Kappa Deltas were seeking embellishments for their constitution, and that by hawk-eyed watchfulness and the able assistance of an Alabama lady who had studied under Sherlock Holmes, they were now in a position to give information to any one who would listen, concerning the innermost workings of like orders. The SPINSTER further advised me that, if I cared to win the undying gratitude and idolatry of the membership separately and individually, I had better commence strenuous pursuit of every club in school—as this was the dominant aim of this Sorority."

Having explored this emblem, the Baron took out another diamond-shaped pin—a dry and crumpled leaf fell to the floor, and the Baron, stooping to pick it up, said:

"Very curiously, when I donned this pin I promised to wear, whenever it was possible, a sprig of springtime underneath it. This little leaf was given to me with it, and I always associate the idea with Gamma Omicron Pi.

"I hesitated in accepting both the leaf and the pin, lest I might not be congenial with these girls, but the tactful young lady who brought it to me assured me that it would be an easy matter for me to find a kindred spirit, as they endeavored to provide all sorts. I was somewhat startled by a request from the same young lady that I send back to Literaturia post-haste for some white ducks, as they intended taking pictures the following Sunday, and linen was the uniform for such an occasion. While we were talking, Gus drove up with a rattle and clatter, to say nothing of a large amount of express. Leaving me instantly, the lady siezed upon the yellow slip that was the calling list of fortune-favored girls, edited by the Express Company, and gazing thereupon with eager eyes she remarked with unbridled anticipation:

"'Good soul, I pray—here's a box for one of my little friends.' Coming back to me she said:

"'You see, I'd take you along, but she's one of our new girls, and I haven't been there myself since her last box, so you wait and I'll bring you a sandwich!'"

Ananias picked up the next pin in the row, and the Baron, after looking reproachfully at him for his unnecessary impatience, replaced the Gamma Omicron Pi leaf and badge, and beckoned haughtily for the strange tri-cornered piece of gold.

"What is it?" asked Ananias, in a slightly apologetic tone.

"It is the Sigma Sigma Sigma shield and breastplate," replied the Baron, still leisurely turning it over, then with increasing agitation, as one who, lost in a forest, fumbles desperately at the needles of a broken compass.

"This pin always did perplex me," he said, after wiping his eyeglasses and readjusting them. "I never could tell the heads or tails of it. They say it was originally drawn by one of their members for an example of absolute symmetry in design class. It was given to me by a very sweet-looking little girl whose childish simplicity sometimes showed through the artificial simpering and vain boastings of her active part in the dramatics, the Cotillion Club, Junior Class, and all other social functions at Hollins. I afterwards ascertained that this girl was so valued by her Sorority that the remaining members constituted themselves a committee of five to faithfully follow in her wake and see that no harm visited the guardian and custodian of the Hollins Chapter."

With more show of deep emotion than he had before manifested, the Baron unclasped a small pearl pin, and wiping his shining eyes on a daintily perfumed handkerchief, he said with a sigh:

"Ah, me—the scenes of a yesterday! How clearly I remember my first and only love!" He paused and, gazing tenderly at the pin, continued:

"I accepted this pin from a damsel who, with lengthy declamations of admiration and affection, handed it to me in a pink and white plush case, with the injunction to treasure it as the pass-key to all Phi Musian mysteries. The reproduction of these two hands clasped so lovingly, the galaxy of stars, and the careless flow of ribbon in conventional black enamel, reminded me of a valentine presented in my early youth to the object of my adoration, and I was happy to place it among my treasures.



With a great show of modesty the girl explained to me that the two hands might signify her strong matronly clasp on each individual member's yielding, infantile and cherubimic finger-tips. And indeed, ever afterwards I noticed that she mothered her flock as a tender shepherdess—using as her crook the able assistance of the Instructor in Voice.

"Another honorary member of the Phi Mu's requested me to drop a postal to the Misses Willingham to let them know of the newly-added prestige to the cherished organization.

"During the first days of my visit I was frequently annoyed by loud, protracted whistling, in answer to which girls in divers costumes, sweaters, jumpers, and other like Hollins fads, always appeared. For some time I was puzzled as to who could be. But, lo, one night eleven damsels, arrayed in shimmering satin, feather boas, curls galore, and many bands of ribbon encircling their tresses, accosted me in the sitting room and forthwith, with many coy tosses of the head, ogling of eyes, and profusion of conversation, I was besought to accept this little pin, fashioned like unto a skull. For further inducement I was told that this Sorority was marked by its versatility—could be converted into a glee club, orchestra, caterer's establishment—or anything else that the occasion demanded, all under the personal supervision of 'T.'

"After the great uproar caused by their entry had subsided, I told them as gently as I could that I did not think it expedient to accept any more pins, as my baggage capacity was limited. At my decision one of the members indulged in the initiating whistle, and there appeared upon the scene the Librarian, the first French teacher, and the Business Manager, accompanied by his wife, who, with one hand, led the little daughter, and with the other guided the progress of a perambulator whence issued the staccato notes of an infant's crying, which to my throbbing ears seemed to take on the melody of that annoying whistle. So overwhelmed was I by these reinforcements that I groped out for the pin, but amidst delighted, uproarious shrieks, I was told that I was not to do it until Mary Stuart came that evening. One of them was on the verge of 'phoning for that young lady to bring a skull with her, but I firmly refused to encumber myself with any such luggage.

"My dignity was considerably hurt when, one morning, I was hailed by one of these girls with a loud slap between the shoulders and accosted as 'old bird,' but later on I was told that this was the form of salutation designated by their ritual. One thing I noticed apart from their superficiality, was their utter frankness about the arid outlook for the ensu-

ing year, and quite modestly they asked me, as an authority on such matters, if I could possibly give them an outline of how to bluff the student body into considering them among the best; after the glow of the haloes of the Haywards, the Steiners and the Nurneys had faded from the deluded vision of the public."

As the Baron leaned over to replace the skull and unfasten the next pin, a lock of raven black hair became entangled in the clasp, and afforded him some slight delay and annoyance.

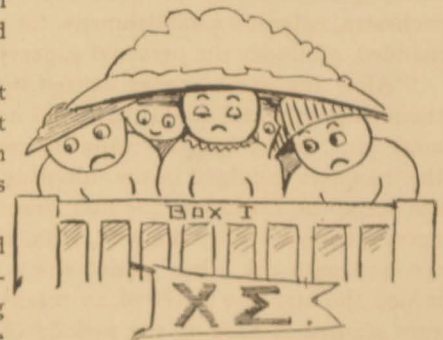
"It is quite strange how this wisp came to me, along with this pin. One morning I was aroused at the crack of dawn by a decisive rap upon my chamber door, and thrusting my head through the aperture, I inquired what was wanting. The young lady, with a candle in her hand, gave me this pin, saying that she could not stop to explain just then, as she was on her way to get the middle box for the play. About breakfast time a mild-voiced young lady brought this lock to me, saying that was a portion of that snatched from the illustrious head of their leader, when she was in a tantrum the day before. Each of the worshipping Chi Sigmas wore such a strand around her pin and their desire was that I should likewise do so.

"It was explained to me that the Sorority had headquarters at Charleston and San Antonio, from which sources the material for its sustenance was imported.

"Later in the day an excited gathering on the campus green attracted my attention, and sallying forth to see what might be the cause thereof, I saw that two young ladies, with this decoration pinned on their heaving bosoms, were going through several rounds of pugilistic combat. Excited shrieks of 'Bobby!' 'Oh, Eudora!' rent the air, and I found myself in their midst, urging them, in behalf of their sisterly ties, to forego all such strife until they might reach a more secluded spot."

Reluctantly the Baron ceased talking, and slowly, with deft fingers, he lifted up another pin, which furthered Ananias's confusion by its diamond shape. Something caught the pin, and looking again, the Baron exclaimed apologetically:

"Oh, dear, I almost forgot—the pledge pin!" He tenderly undid





another clasp, and two little keys, crossed like swords, with the black letter K surmounting them were attached to the emblem proper. Ananias demanded an explanation.

"Wait," said the Baron, "behold this illustrious band was among the first to introduce the pledge pin to the Hollins fraternity world, and it always seemed to me that the Sorority made a grave mistake by an open display of partiality in putting only one K on the pin."

"K?" Ananias queried.

"Yes, this is the Ku—kuck—uck—kuck—"

Instantly Ananias siezed a pitcher of water and poured it down the Baron's puzzled larynx.

That worthy gentleman soon recovered and, taking a pencil, lest he further jeopardize his life by strangulation, wrote K. K. K. Then, without further ado, he stepped to the trunk, ransacked the bottom, and carefully extracted a legal document bearing the seals of the Hollins student body. He spread it before Ananias's wondering eyes, saying:

"Behold the genealogical table of the three K's."

Dickinson, 1904.

Collins, 1905, '06, '07.

Harlan, '09.

Forbes, '08.

Johnstone.

(Never reigned.)

Baldwin, '10.

? Regency—Miss Terrell.

"It can never be solved save by time," muttered the Baron.

Ananias was greatly interested, and besought the Baron to say more.

"Well, I took the pin with great reluctance, as its donor seemed to experience great difficulty in finding one not in immediate usage, and I understood that there was a great dearth of pins in their midst. Finally the III History teacher volunteered her pin, with the remark, that 'she'd expect that one returned not later than the following Wednesday,' which date she thereupon marked upon her calendar."

With a dreamy air of retrospection, the Baron carefully folded the bejeweled plush, and replacing it in the trunk, sank back with a deep sigh.





## *Sororities*

*In order of Establishment as Sororities at Hollins*

*Delta Tau Beta*

*Phi Mu Gamma*

*Kappa Delta*

*Gamma Omicron Pi*

*Sigma Sigma Sigma*

*Phi Mu*

*Naughty Naught (A P)*

*Chi Sigma*

*Kappa Kappa Kappa*



Society, Chapter 1, 1888-89  
Hollins, West.





## Delta Tau Beta

FOUNDED 1890

CHARTERED 1907

### SORORES

ISABELLE COBBS

KITTY DE JARNETTE HOGE

HELEN MARGARET HARRIS

FRANCES TERRELL LONGAN

ALMEDA McWHORTER

MARY REBECCA MILES

CORNELIA HERBERT ORRICK

MARY AFTON WILLIAMS





7  
T  
B





## Phi Mu Gamma

### Chapters

Alpha .....	Hollins, Virginia
Delta .....	New York, New York
Gamma .....	Gainsville, Georgia
Theta Epsilon ..	Marion Alabama
Zeta .....	New York, New York
Eta .....	Boston, Massachusetts
Mu .....	Boston, Massachusetts
Beta .....	Bowling Green, Kentucky

### Sorores

LETA CAMP .....	Ocala, Florida.
MAYSIE LYLES .....	Columbia, South Carolina
PAMELA MOORE .....	Columbia, South Carolina
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD .....	Churchland, Virginia
PAULINE LAWTON .....	Hartsville, South Carolina
ALMAH McCONIHAY .....	Charleston, West Virginia
FLORENCE IVES .....	Norfolk, Virginia
FLORRIE MALONE .....	Dothan, Alabama
JETTE-AILEEN FARLEY .....	Montgomery, Alabama
PHOEBE HUNTER .....	Mount Clare, Pennsylvania
PAULINE WILHELM .....	Portsmouth, Ohio

### Honorary Members

MR. AND MRS. MARION ESTES COCKE



MALONE



HUNTER



McCONIHAY



LYLES



IVES

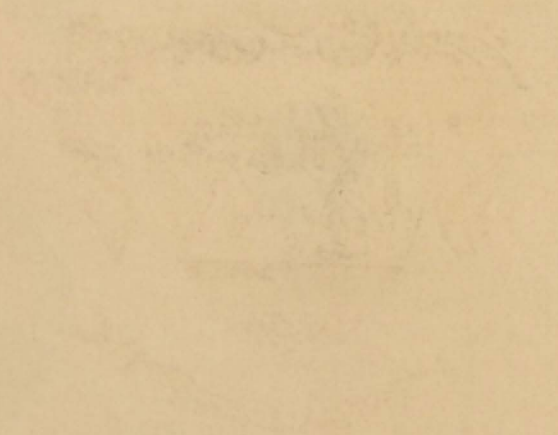


LAWTON



WILHELM







# Kappa Delta

Organized 1895. Chartered 1902

ALPHA CHAPTER.....	Farmville, Virginia
GAMMA CHAPTER.....	Hollins, Virginia
DELTA CHAPTER.....	Columbia, South Carolina
ZETA CHAPTER.....	Tuscaloosa, Alabama
THETA CHAPTER.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER.....	Tallahassee, Florida
LAMBDA CHAPTER.....	Evanston, Illinois
OMICRON CHAPTER.....	Bloomington, Illinois
PHI DELTA CHAPTER.....	Raleigh, North Carolina
PHI PSI CHAPTER.....	Washington, D. C.
RHO OMEGA PHI CHAPTER.....	Marion, Alabama
SIGMA CHAPTER.....	Washington, D. C.
SIGMA SIGMA CHAPTER.....	Ames, Iowa

## Sorores

### Gamma Chapter

LOIS EMBREE.....	Virginia
ANNE HOWELL ESTES.....	Tennessee
CAROLINE DOUGLAS HILL.....	North Carolina
ADELE ANDREWS PATTON.....	Kentucky
REBECCA SELDEN PORTER.....	Tennessee
MAMIE POWELL SINGLETON.....	Alabama
MARIE FLORENCE SPIVEY.....	Mississippi
MARGARET McDONALD SMITH.....	North Carolina
MARY STIKELEATHER.....	North Carolina
JESS B. STIKELEATHER.....	North Carolina
ALYCE LEE SHENK.....	Virginia
KATHERYN THAYER GIVEN.....	Virginia
OLINE BEALL BUTTS.....	Georgia
LOUISA BOOTH HAWKINS.....	West Virginia

### Honorary Member

MRS. A. T. CUTHBERTSON.....	Georgia
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CARPENTER



MOUNTCASTLE



JUDKINS



LEWIN



RIDDICK



TAYLOR



McCLAIN



BARLOW



TILLMAN





WRIGHT & CO  
DETROIT



# Sigma Sigma Sigma

Established 1897. Chartered 1903

Alpha Chapter ..... Farmville, Virginia  
 Gamma Chapter ..... Lynchburg, Virginia  
 Delta Chapter ..... Nashville, Tennessee  
 Epsilon Chapter .. Hollins, Virginia  
 Alpha Delpha Chapter .... Georgetown, Texas  
 Hampton Alumnae Chapter ..... Hampton, Virginia  
 Lewisburg Alumnae Chapter ..... Lewisburg, West Virginia

## Sorores

### Epsilon Chapter

LAURA AGNEW ..... Virginia  
 MOZELLE ALDERMAN ..... South Carolina  
 NANCY ANDERSON ..... North Carolina  
 BERTHA BOLTON ..... Louisiana  
 MARGUERITE GEER ..... South Carolina  
 LOIS MONTGOMERY ..... South Carolina

### Honorary Member

DR. KUSIAN



GEER



ALDERMAN



BOLTON



ANDERSON



AGNEW



MONTGOMERY







# Phi Mu

Organized 1852. Chartered 1903.

ALPHA CHAPTER	Macon, Ga.
BETA CHAPTER	Hollins, Va.
GAMMA CHAPTER	Winston-Salem, N. C.
DELTA CHAPTER	New Orleans, La.
	Tulane University
UPSILON DELTA CHAPTER	Raleigh, N. N.
ZETA CHAPTER	Washington, D. C.
ETA CHAPTER	Mexico, Mo.
THETA CHAPTER	Nashville, Tenn.
XI KAPPA CHAPTER	Georgetown, Texas
KAPPA CHAPTER	Knoxville, Tenn.

## Sorores

### Beta Chapter

JULIE G. OWEN	North Carolina
LAURA LEE COONEY	Georgia
THEO LIIPFERT	North Carolina
MADA ROUNTREE	Georgia
HELEN HARDY	Texas
CLOTHILDE MATTINGLY	Maryland
ANNA BREWER	New York
HARRIET BRYAN	Texas
MARIE GARTH	Alabama
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST	West Virginia
SARA E. WILHITE	South Carolina
MARION WILKINSON	Georgia

### Honorary Members

MISS MARY WILLIAMSON	MISS ESTELLE HUTCHINSON
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GILCHRIST



MATTINGLY



BREWER



ROUNTREE



OWEN



GARTH

# Phi Mu



WILKINSON



LIIPFERT



WILHITE



BRYAN



HARDY



COONEY







## Naughty Naught

Established 1900

TERESE BRENT NURNEY  
Virginia

MAUDE THEUS HARRIS  
Georgia

ELIZABETH OTELIA HOLLAND  
Virginia

GERTRUDE WHITTAKER OBERHOLTZER  
Pennsylvania

MARY SULLY HAYWARD  
Louisiana

JEANIE HARWOOD COCKE  
Virginia

LAURA POWELL TUCKER  
Virginia

MILDRED CRISS  
New Jersey

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON THOMPSON  
Pennsylvania

HELEN CAMP STEINER  
Alabama

ROSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD  
Louisiana



STEINER



R. HAYWARD



THOMPSON



HOLLAND



HARRIS



S. HAYWARD



NURNEY



COCKE



TUCKER



OBERHOLTZER



CRISS









## CHI SIGMA

ESTABLISHED 1902

### SORORES

JOSEPHINE RUTLEDGE BROWNE

AMELIA BURACKER

CLARE SHIRELY DENMAN

ETTIE KINCAID

JOSEPHINE KINCAID

MARIE MIKELL LEBBY

MARION LESESNE

MARGARET LEWIS

ADELAIDE McBRIDE

EUDORA WOOLFOLK RAMSEY

MARGARET VAN DIVIERE











FRAZIER

HARLAN

BURTON

MITCHELL

BALDWIN

JENNINGS

MILLER

ABBOT













## *The Passing of The Old Order*

**I**T is the hope of those most interested that the action taken by the student body of Hollins, earlier in the session, will prove a new and firmer step in the formation of a close and influential bond between the students, through a student association, organized upon a basis of common interests and common laws. A new constitution has been adopted, which, it is hoped, will prove the foundation of a new order of things to be realized in the immediate future. Those who have been influential in this movement have reached their conclusions from a careful survey of the following subjects: The existence of student associations in other schools and colleges; the conditions of the Hollins student body up to the present session; by comparison with other colleges, what immediate benefit may accrue to Hollins through this movement, and what it may ultimately accomplish in the field of self-government.

The experience of recent years has proved to college women that an important factor in the development of college life has been the growth of self-government through the increasing power of the student body. All who have given serious thought to this subject realize that the intellectual efficiency of the colleges and the influence and responsibility of student associations have grown side by side, thus enabling the faculty to transfer certain administrative powers to the students themselves, possible by the acquisition of purpose in the college life; by the community of interests brought about by a student association; by the laying aside of all factional interests for the higher good of the school at large; by coöperation with the Faculty; and by the larger and broader development of the students themselves. Thus, having proved themselves worthy, they have acquired certain privileges of self-government. Each branch of the movement has gained from the other; intellectual advancement enables students better to support a student association, and the results of the student association tend to encourage intellectual development.



Take Bryn Mawr, for example. Here is a college which has attained the highest intellectual standard of all woman's colleges in America, and in it student government has reached a higher degree of perfection than in any other in this land. Similarly with other colleges, in proportion as they have raised their standard intellectually, the power of self-government has grown, giving the students a rounder and fuller development. We see examples of this in Vassar, Wellesley and Smith, or a nearer and more recent example, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, which has but lately adopted this system of government, at the same time gaining a higher rank among America's colleges for women.

Now, Hollins has been in existence since the year eighteen and forty-two, and from that time to this it has grown and expanded in various directions. But it must be acknowledged that this development has been due to the ambitious, and the actions of its Trustees and Governors, aided by the Faculty of the school; for the students followed meekly in the tracks laid down for them, little helping and little realizing the work that was being done for their improvement. When at last the results of this labor had raised Hollins intellectually to a high standard, and at the same time many internal improvements had been accomplished for the school, the students seemed to realize that some part of the responsibility of the school devolved upon them, and they made the first attempts in the direction of organization. This was about nineteen hundred. They realized that some sort of organization was necessary by which questions of interest to the whole school could be discussed before that body without the direction of the Faculty. The immediate occasion of this action was the misbehavior of some girls during a speech made by a visiting missionary, their conduct having aroused general indignation. This little event led to the first attempts at forming an association of the Hollins students. But after the first enthusiasm died out, the girls dropped their responsibility, and the student body met rarely, accomplishing nothing of importance.

More definite steps in this direction were taken about four years later, when it was decided that the students themselves should initiate some measures to support the honor system which had been for some time the policy of the school. For this purpose, a constitution with the honor system as its basis was adopted, providing for a chairman of the student body, elected from the Senior Class; a secretary, appointed by the chairman; and an executive committee composed of the presidents

of the classes and the president of the Y. W. C. A. This is the organization by which the student body has been nominally governed for the last five years; but the girls failed to give their interest and support to it, and the association, incompetently managed, amounted to little more than the occasional reading of the honor system, while the student body at large seemed ignorant of the fact that it so much as had a constitution. Thus the organization failed to accomplish its purpose, viz.: to reach the individual student, and existing without being upheld, its influence was more harmful than good, as it taught laxity in the fulfilling of duties, and the habit of ignoring obligations. It failed to emphasize the responsibility of the student body in matters which could easily have been adjusted by the students themselves, thus rendering unnecessary the little-headed reproof by an officer of the school. It showed the lack of real purpose and of self-dependence among the students, and the narrowness of school life.

When the new chairman came into office this year, she, with the help of others who were interested in her work, determined that the year should inaugurate a new era, and that the students, coöperating with the Faculty, should endeavor to lay the foundation upon which Hollins should continue to grow toward those conditions which make for the highest welfare of its students.

Realizing what intellectual plane had been reached, what benefits had been bestowed upon college women through the student association in other colleges, they drew the natural conclusion that a strong association, loyally supported by the students, and characterized by action rather than theory, would prove of benefit to Hollins and the Hollins girls. Then they considered the individual needs of Hollins, and it seemed that in a school with so large a roll of students, made up of so many factions, so many conflicting interests and demands, a student association was needed to knit all the girls together, to interest that element which was composed of onlookers, and not workers, and thus to unite all with a common interest at heart.

This is the immediate need—union, equality, and strength. The constitution has been drawn up, the association formed; now to accomplish its purpose, the firm support of the student body is necessary. With this support, there must certainly spring from the new association results both immediate and far-reaching. Without it, affairs must remain at a standstill, as they did under the old constitution.



From this association, Hollins should gain an increase of true college spirit, and incidentally class spirit, though it is college spirit that is chiefly emphasized through the association. From it, the students should attain a larger purpose in the college life by contact with more ambitious girls of the school; and those bent upon the lighter vein of life would realize that happiness does not lie in frivolity alone, that there is some pleasure to be derived from intellectual pursuits, and chiefly that giving as well as getting is worth while in the contact with other girls. And how can you give out to others that which you do not cultivate yourself? Then the association should lead to coöperation with the Faculty, rather than antagonism to them. The students, having this broader purpose in their minds, should realize their responsibility in the keeping of rules imposed for the general good of the school. For we are no longer children, and the attitude we bear toward responsibilities of school life is that which we are going to assume to our life in the world. The principles we support now, we will support later; those we ignore now, we will ignore later. When, through the association, these things have been accomplished, then, through it, will come the granting of self-governing privileges to the students, at first few in number, perhaps, but increasing as the students show themselves capable of executing them. And lastly, and of vital importance, this association should send out to the world women, trained not only in the knowledge of books, but prepared to take their own initiative, to govern themselves, and thus to make an impress on the community in which they live.

This is the organization of the Hollins Student Association, its aim, and what it should accomplish. It remains for us, now, the student body of Hollins, the individual students, to see that it does accomplish this.

How are we going to do it? By recognition of the principles that underlie the little things; it may involve some sacrifice to do this, but it will be worth while; by a readiness to act upon the suggestions of the authorities or leaders in the school; by individual interest, and attention to matters that arise for general discussion; by efforts to become leaders ourselves, upon the right side; by persuading others to take up these matters; and by showing ourselves not children, but women, ready soon to go out into the world upon our own responsibility.

The start has been made, the goal has been sighted, and it is now for the student body, the individual students, and the classes, looking to the Seniors and to the chairman of the student body as leaders, to run the

race strongly, with purpose to finish the work which has been inaugurated. Let every girl remember that the burden of the task rests upon her, and some time soon, Hollins will have gained a stronger student association, a true leadership among the Southern institutions of learning, and recognition among the woman's colleges of the United States.

GERTRUDE W. OBERHOLTZER.

#### DAWN

The moon is lost in the mist of morn  
The stars are falling to sleep—  
Salt-laden winds in the cool grey dawn  
Are wafted ashore from the deep;  
Life-dreams are born to vanish and die  
As the sun casts a diamond path over the sea,  
Pearl-tinted vapours awake in the sky  
With shadows of dreams yet to be.

M. CRISS



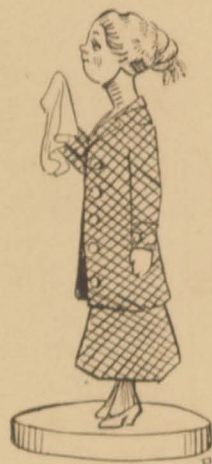
"This," said Baron Münchhausen, spreading out what seemed to be a carefully classified document or catalogue, "is the only Official Directory and Annotated Classification of the various species under the genus *Hollins-girl* that has ever been prepared for the enlightenment of visitors or attendants of the Hollins Institute. As a guide to Hollins acquaintances, it is invaluable, my friend, and no one who is interested in that remarkable and varified body of young ladies should be without it."

Together he and Ananias bent over the following document:

## Species of the Genus *Hollins-Girl*

*Ample and Complete—No Types Omitted*

### THE NEW GIRL



This, the commonest type of all, prevails during the first two months of the school term; it then gradually merges into the other types, with a few exceptions, for some of the species have been known never to outgrow the general characteristics. The features by which the type may be recognized are: boundless curiosity; homesickness and copious weeping; an elaborate coiffure; a tendency to be prompt at all school exercises, and an opinion that the old girls are *so unattractive*; deep interest in Y. W. C. A. and the Literary Societies; some doubts as to whether or not she will return after Christmas; in view of the fact that she was on the team of the Blankville High School, a readiness to coach Hollins in basket-ball; many comments on the absence of the city life.

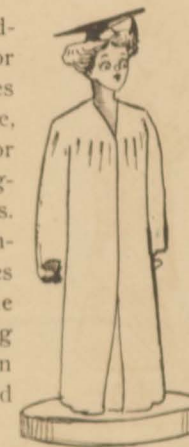
### THE GRIND

A most rare and altogether awe-inspiring type. Is usually characterized by fixedness and solemnity of expression, somewhat of a haunted look, rather mournful dignity of bearing, and readiness to give detailed recital of her woes. May be seen during study periods with book in hand and highly intellectual expression, and at recreation hour walking around the porch or up and down bridge with nerve-racking precision a fixed number of times. Always gets golden reports and the applause of an appreciative student body at report reading; is more or less avoided by the girls, but basks in the smiles of the adoring Faculty.



### PILLAR OF SOCIETY

A class made up for the most part of Hollins landmarks. She works diligently at the first of the year for new members, giving free lectures on the advantages of being in a Society; with admirable perseverance, makes and seconds motions approving the minutes or for adjournment; at the meeting when program is longest, brings up lengthy and boring business matters. She monopolizes the floor in discussion and then censures the other members for not discussing; manages to get on committees to make others work, while she never condescends to be on the program for anything more laborious than a reading; of the firm opinion that but for her the Society would come to naught, and marked by martyr-like air in performing her duties.





### THE GIRL WHO SINGS IN SOIRÉES



This class add much to the entertainment of the admiring public. You always find this type of a sweet, accommodating disposition, and most unselfish. Her inevitable attire is a directoire with roses or carnations plastered at most unique angles. Her theme is usually *Love* or *Spring*, and her singing marked by rigidity of position, strenuous efforts to control the lower jaw, violent facial contortions and such delicacy of tone that none but her teacher realize that it is perfectly correct, though it is a third or more off the key.

### THE RUSHER



A type at all times and under all circumstances flourishing, for her ardent affections, crushed to earth, rise yet again, and to be spurned means not to cease but change. Easily detected by her unusual skill in finding secluded corners and the more obscure practice rooms, her tendency to hang around the dining-room door or on the knob of "*her*" door in manner most mysterious, her unerring punctuality for the good-night kiss, innumerable billet-doux and a staunch belief in the motto: "Two's company, three's a crowd."

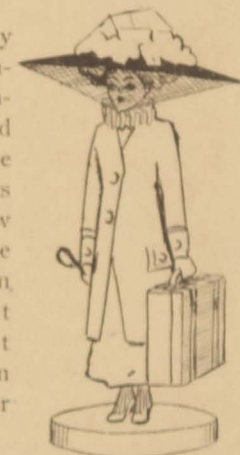
### THE BARN DANCER

This, to my eyes, is the hardest worker on the place. She lives for her Monday evenings, and even when barred from the gym., gives vent to her inordinate love for the dance by teaching aspiring pupils either on the walks or porches. Must be a girl of much travel, for she seems to have a first-hand knowledge of Spanish, Italian, Siberian and Hindoo barn dance, each of which she gives individually, and then delights the enchanted on-lookers with a medley. Has all the graceful movements of Delsarte, Maude Allan and Mary Garden to a fine point and is a source of untold terror to the more peaceful dancers by reason of the violence and carelessness of her kicks and head-swimming effect of her twirls, backward slides and front dashes.



### THE GIRL WHO SOJOURNS AT HOLLINS

Opportunities for observing this type are, by the very nature of the species, very few. The general impression is of a figure in coat suit, with inordinately large hat, artistically draped veil, and weighted down with suitcases of all sizes. She spends week ends, including Tuesday, at various military institutes, returns with alarming new ideas as to arrangement of psyches, bangs, etc., one or two extra frat. pins, and with messages from boys for each and every member of the student body. Is marked by most blasé and indifferent attitude to girls, decided cessation of interest in studies, and untiring persistence in waiting for mail and answering letters.





### THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE PIANO



Like her sister performer, the soloist is a source of much anxiety to friends. She cultivates strenuously the "natural-born genius air," characterized by graceful waving of hands between chords, a most awkward posture and a far-away, rapt expression while performing. Always receives flowers from sympathetic and encouraging friends. Doesn't stoop to ragtime, but plays classical music with deep feeling, the effect varying from the gentle ripple of streams to the tremendous roar and crash of the storm. Is easily disturbed by the rattling of programs, usually forgets her piece and unconsciously keeps her trembling foot on the loud pedal for three pages, falls rather than walks from stage, and always weeps bitterly over her mistakes.

### THE ATHLETIC GIRL



A typical exponent of the so-called "strenuous life." Comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. For the first two months holds undisputed sway over the minds and hearts of the less energetic, is usually seen in jumper or sweater, with fantastic ribbons and even belts and neckties tied severely around a diminished pompadour. Runs from two to six miles before each meal, lives *apparently* on bread and water for a month before Thanksgiving, and as a result, some have been known to balance with perfect ease on either elbow, to jump three feet in the air, and make three backward turns while putting in the ball, and one was even seen to leap, ball in hand, through the basket, in her wild anxiety to score. Is best authority on the subject of *scientific* playing. Endeavors vainly after Thanksgiving to effect a restoration to power among her one-time "darlings" by desperate and spasmodic bursts of interest in skating, tennis, and fox-and-hound hunts.

### DARLING GRABBER

Usually tall, aspiring to be dashing, this type seems to add much to a most peculiar phase of Hollins life. This type, once prosperous and plentiful, seems to have felt the effects of time, and only one or two fair and tenacious representatives have survived. These privileged few affect, to the greatest possible extent mannish attire; they speak when disposed and to whom disposed, highly efficient in the art of making advances, all the while convincing the advancee that she does everything, uses her eyes as though she thinks she is a snake charmer, has time for everything, though she slaves under the laborious course of gym., fencing, French, and Phyz., and at her rendition at the soirée of "Mother's Prayer," receives indulgently showers of flowers, etc., which she modestly conceals from the boring rabble.



Ananias studied the pictures with some interest, while the Baron produced, from his still voluminous pile of articles, another short story.

"Listen to this one, my friend," demanded the Baron, "here's another piece of original fiction. It ends rather depressingly, but they all do that, so you may as well get accustomed to it right away."

He read aloud:



## A Game of Three

THE wind blew straight and clean from the far western horizon, across the great purple sea, and the yawl sped before it like a dainty white gull, skimming fleetly on toward the brink of the headland that churned the waters white about its jagged teeth. So straight she came, and so dizzily close to the reef, that the man who watched from the cliff clenched his hands in dread, and even the girl caught her breath. The spray from the shoals had actually flecked the curved bow of the yawl, when she seemed to waver, and, with a quick loosening of ropes, a flapping of sails, and the sudden tautening of both, made a sharp angle in her course and danced out into the channel again, while the tall, white-clad figure at her tiller waved the watchers on the cliff a laughing, triumphant gesture.

The girl pushed the straight, dark locks of hair from her eyes and drew a long breath.

"That was the most beautiful jibing I ever saw! How I wish we had gone with him!" she cried, her voice vibrant with enthusiasm.

The man winced a little, for the fault had been his that they had not gone in the sailboat.

"I was not sure that the kid knew how to manage a boat," he said evenly, "in fact, I know he has had no practice and doesn't know this channel. It's just his unmitigated nerve that makes him do things like this."

"People with that kind of nerve always do everything well," said the girl, her voice and eyes still glowing, "and the only pleasure of a sailboat lies in utter fearlessness, because of course they're dangerous in a place like this. Oh, next time we'll go with him, Jack!"

The man flipped a bit of bleached clam-shell into the whirling waves below.

"Florence," he said very earnestly, "Billy is bound to have a few accidents before he learns all there is to know about that yawl. You see he isn't willing not to run risks. He does that in everything; when he learned to ride that little devil of a riding horse that he has at home, he

broke nearly all of his limbs at various times before he managed her completely. It's all right for him, but I can't let you be the victim of his recklessness. You mean so very much to me, you know, Florence," and his gray eyes became suddenly misty with all the latent fires of a strongly poised nature.

But Florence for the first time found her usual quick glow of response missing. Her eyes followed the glinting white of the sailboat, now far down the bay.

"You are a very cautious man, aren't you, Jack?" she said. "You and Billy are about as different as two brothers could be." She paused, and the far white sail disappeared around the point of the island. "You are more intellectual than he, but you have none of his athletic instinct; you consider everything, and he is all impulse; you are rather short and old for your age; he is big and tall and like an overgrown boy."

The man might have added that the responsibility of supporting a twelve-year-old brother when you are but eighteen yourself, of working that he might go to college, and of spending your youth under the most downright of such difficulties, was not conducive to impulsive boyishness in your nature, however attractive that virtue might be. But he said nothing, and if the suggestive comparison in her tones hurt him, he gave no sign.

Nor, if the truth be told, did he feel her remarks unjust. Billy was to him the ideal of young manhood; he stood to him as his own lost youth, and he gloried in the boy's radiant good looks and glowing vitality as if they were his own. So he felt no pang of jealousy that this girl, in whom during their brief acquaintance, he had realized all the wonder and holiness of a strong man's love, should admire his brother.

"It should have been Billy, and not I, that had the three months' vacation," he said. "He appreciates it so thoroughly. But this was his first year in business, and although I can give him all the start to success that he needs, he felt that the discipline of only a month's vacation would do him good. He's such a funny kid," and Jack beautified his homely face with a smile that carried in it all the innate honesty and sunshine of his big heart.

The girl laughed, and put her hand in his.

"You mustn't say that!" she cried, "for you never would have known me if you hadn't had the three months. Isn't it wonderful to think of the little things that can change our lives so completely? I wonder why



you came all the way from Colorado to Maine to find the girl you wanted to marry?"

She leaned against his arm as they sat on the rocky shelf at the brow of the cliff, and her hair blew against his face.

"I believe I always knew I should find her here," he said seriously. "I knew you were The One the first time I saw you—the time I found you reading Lanier, under a big mossy fir tree. I never shall forget how beautiful you were, in your green gown. You looked like Maid Marion."

"She was probably a fat, stupid, red-faced English peasant," said Florence, in a very matter-of-fact tone, "but since the popular conception of her is otherwise, I'll take that as a compliment. But Jack, that's *such* a wrong way to fall in love—it should be the soul you love, and not the face."

"Dear, your face and soul are not far apart, and I think that's how I knew."

Both were silent for a time. The shadow of the cliff loomed out across the water, as the sun sank lower.

"The wonder of it all was," he said, after a time, "that when I found you, that you loved me—that the gods let me call you mine. Florence, tell me; was it only because I loved you so much? You have promised yourself to me, I know, but you are young, and the mistake is so easy to make. God forgive me if I should do you the injustice of claiming you because you are in love with love and not with me!"

The girl looked at him with wide eyes.

"I don't understand you, Jack!" she said, wonderingly.

He arose and looked down at her, with all the soul of him marveling at her beauty, yet with a sudden icy dread at his heart. Any other time he would have seized and kissed her, but now he stood motionless.

"Florence, remember only this—that my soul is yours always, but that yours is not mine until you can say, 'Jack, it is you I love, even if you should turn from me and love me no more!' Not till then will I claim you as my very own."

Still Florence looked her bewilderment.

"Jack, I couldn't say that to any man!"

"No, dear," he said slowly, "I know you can't. But some day I think you will. God grant that it shall be to me!"

Both were very silent as they walked homeward across the craggy uplands to the crescent stretch of beach, and on through the fragrant

fir woods. The man's heart was full of dull foreboding, and the girl was pondering in her mind, vainly trying to read her own strangely unquiet thoughts.

Florence was only nineteen, and although she was intellectually mature and self-confident, she was girlishly susceptible. So, when this strong man, with his Western abruptness and keen, magnetic mind, had given into her hands a love so beautiful and powerful, she found it not unpleasant to yield. She felt uplifted in his presence; his love of the beautiful in books as well as out of doors fired her imagination and gave her a strong bond in common with him, and his gentle chivalry appealed to her woman's heart. Both man and girl had been very happy during these summer months.

Tonight for the first time Florence felt the first intimation of a critical tendency in her attitude toward Jack. She wished that he would wear white flannels like the other men—Billy looked so handsome in his—and felt vaguely irritated that he would not join in singing with the rest, when Billy brought out his guitar and thrummed accompaniments to his college songs. Billy had a baritone voice of some merit.

But it was not till the next day that she formulated her dissatisfaction. Another day had dawned crystal clear, and the water had the peculiar lurid sapphire hue that comes only with a land breeze. Billy hailed the splendid sailing weather with delight, and at breakfast he urged Florence and Jack to go out with him in the "Iris."

"Don't be a mucker, Jack," he begged, and looked at Florence longingly. "I give you my word that I'll stick to the clear channel and not do any short jibing. And anyhow, I could rescue two like Miss Florence from a watery grave."

Jack did not answer for a minute's space, and Florence felt her spirit of rebellion rising.

"Indeed, you needn't ask Jack. I shall go with you because I *want* to," she said, half laughing, but a little sharply, "and Jack can do as he pleases."

Billy laughed.

"That's the proper spirit! Jack, let me urge you to stay home; that will make one less for me to rescue when we upset."

"It shall be just as you say, Florence," said Jack seriously.

Florence was almost disappointed at his yielding, for, womanlike, she liked to be domineered in little things, but she indifferently replied



that they would all go, and that she would go upstairs to get ready, and left the room.

The two brothers sat silently for a pause—Jack was studying Billy's face; Billy's eyes were vaguely inspecting the water through the broad windows. Then the younger one rose impatiently and kicked the back of his chair, like a restless colt.

"Confound it, Jack," he said. "Why did you let me come up here?"

"I give it up. Didn't know I had any say in the matter, I reckon."

"I mean this straight, Jack. You might have foreseen it,—oh, surely you did!"

"What the deuce—?"

"I'm knocked out,—knocked out, I tell you! I'll have to leave tomorrow, that's all. I can't stand it,—to see you and—*her*."

"Florence?" Jack's jaw dropped.

"There's not another girl here I'd look at—or anywhere else on earth, now. Don't look at me that way, old fellow—it's all right, and you know I wish you both all happiness. But I'll have to leave before it's too late, that's all!"

"My lord, kid—"

Billy jerked his head up—

"I'm not a kid any more, Jack—I'm twenty-five, and I'm a man! Come on, not another word on this subject. You wait for Florence, and I'll go out and rig the 'Iris.' I swear I'll be careful with the boat. Jack, bring the kid Dorothy along for me to talk to—" and he was gone down the path to the cove where "Iris" was moored, leaving Jack staring dully after him.

When once the party of four had gathered on the "Iris," Wyrd saw that the puppets were all in her hand, and laughed. And the climax came so soon—the yawl was barely on her way when the stern goddess lifted her finger, and—it happened even as she moved her hand.

A sloop veered around the point, full sail set—a sudden jibe, a reckless hand at her helm, and a refusal to recognize that the "Iris" had nautical right of way—and it was over. Flat on her side lay the "Iris," her white wing buoying her on the waves, and her crew, before they were barely dampened, were hauled aboard the sloop. But—one was missing, the little girl, Dorothy.

"Dottie! Oh, little sis!" gasped Florence, her face ashy gray.

"She's under the sail!" yelled Billy, and was off the sloop into the

water, as he spoke, in a clean, straight dive. Jack felt Wyrd's icy fingers clutched about his heart; the air about him grew red, and the deck of the sloop seemed suddenly to rise and totter.

When he came back to his senses the strange face of the sloop's owner was bent over him, and he felt cold water dashed in his face. Still dizzy, he rose to his feet in a sudden panic of remembrance, and saw Florence with one arm tightly about her soaked and shivering little sister, while with her other hand she held one of Billy's in speechless gratitude. Not so much as a glance did either turn toward him.

"Got a touch of the sun, didn't you, friend?" inquired the sloop-owner. "You should have seen your friend yonder dive after the little girl. Never saw such swimming—he's like a fish. Young lady seems to appreciate it, eh?" he motioned to Billy and Florence. "Well, your boat's all right; a little wet inside, but no rigging broken. Lord, it might have been a nasty accident. Taught me a lesson, all right."

But Jack, looking at Florence, felt that Wyrd had not finished with his own lesson.

It was a silent party that returned to the island in the yacht. Florence sat apart from the two men, still clasping the little girl. To Jack she merely said, "You fainted, didn't you?" and her tone, indifferent, with a note of faint contempt, spoke volumes to him. Bitterest realization was his now; all his vague dread was materialized, and he fought with his own despair the whole way to the hotel.

But Wyrd had saved her testing of the man till last. She seemed to pursue his every act and mood that day, and when he reached the hotel, she was awaiting him in the form of a yellow envelope labeled "Western Union Telegraph Company."

Jack read the message through and stood motionless by the window, his thoughts and emotions in a conflicting turmoil. One of them,—he or Billy,—must return that day to Denver. "*Must go, must*"—he repeated the words mechanically. Surely, surely Wyrd was penitent, had taken compassion on his suffering. If Billy left that day, all would be well again—Florence would forget it all, he assured himself, and his very soul seemed to flame at the thought of her. She was his, *his*, and he could not give her up. He was old for her, but he could keep and protect her so much better than the younger man. The telegram dropped from his tense fingers, torn in three pieces.

The breeze from the bay through the open window seemed suddenly



very cold, and the water was deep gray now, under the shadow of the wind clouds.

A book of Florence's lay open on the sill, where she had left it. Half involuntarily he picked it up, and noticed the verses she had marked:

*"When Love is a game of three,  
One heart can win but pain,  
While two-between them share the joy  
That all had hoped to gain.  
"And one, in its bitter sadness,  
Smiles on, lest the others see,  
While two, in their new-found gladness,  
Forget—'t was a game of three."*

When Florence came down from her room, late that afternoon, it was to find that Jack had gone on the three-thirty steamer.

"It was important business—one of us had to go," said Billy, looking down at her. "He said to tell you—let me see, what was it? 'That he understood now—it was the end of his perfect summer.'"

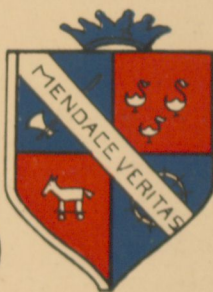
"The end," repeated Florence, dully at first, and then in fuller realization, "the end!"

"But it isn't," said Billy gravely, "it's just the beginning."  
And they—forgot 't was a game of three.





# ATHLETICS



ARM-ENTIRE '09



## Athletic Statistics

### Officers

SULLY HAYWARD ..... *Chairman*

MAYSIE LYLES ..... *Assistant Chairman*

ROSE HAYWARD ..... *Tennis Manager*

### Executive Committee

OLIVE BUTTS

MARGUERITE GEER

FLORRIE MALONE

JULIE OWENS

## Athletic Officers



S. HAYWARD



LYLES





## Mohican Team

Forwards { PORTER  
CARPENTER  
THOMPSON  
FOWLKES, Sub.

Centers { COONEY  
COCKE  
LIPPERT  
IVES, Sub.

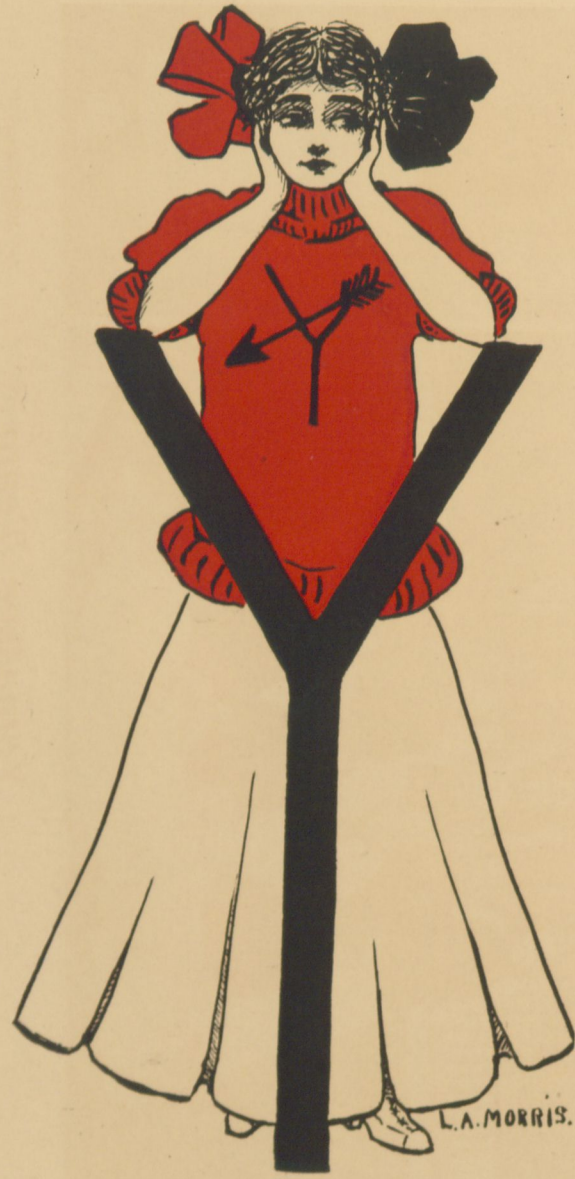
Leader of Rooters { MARGUERITE EHRMAN



CARPENTER, Captain

Guards { NURNEY  
TUCKER  
McCLAIN  
WILLIAMS, Sub.





Forwards { WILHITE  
R. WILLIS  
V. WILLIAMS  
CROWELL, Sub.

## Yemassee Team

Centers { BREWER  
ELLIS  
J. MILLER  
RAMSEY, Sub.

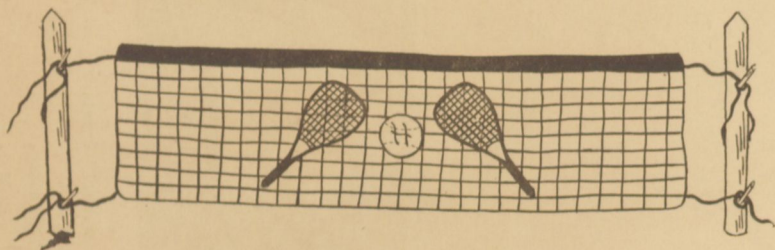
Leader of Rooters: OLIVE BUTTS



WILHITE, Captain

Guards { MALONE  
THOM  
BALDWIN  
RUDD, Sub.





## Tennis Club

ROSE HAYWARD ..... Manager

### Members

LUCELIA McCLAIN	ROBINETTE BEAR	ANNA BREWER
AFTON WILLIAMS	STELLA CROWELL	MAYSIE LYLES
EUDORA RAMSEY	JESSIE MILLER	VIRGINIA CORKE
RUTH KING	MARY GRIFFIN	AMELIA BURACHER
LOUISE BRUCE	OLINE BUTTS	LOUISE HAWKINS
BESSIE SHIELDS	SARA WILHITE	LUCY LEWIN
IRENE BROWN	ELIZABETH BENNET	SARA JAMISON
MAME SINGLETON	HELEN HARRIS	RUTH RIDDICK
JEANIE COCKE	LILLIE LEE	FLORRIE MALONE
LAURA TUCKER	REINETTE MILLER	ALMEDA McWHORTER
ROSE HAYWARD	FRANCES MITCHELL	ALICE LEE SHENK
KITTY HOGE	SULLY HAYWARD	JOSIE KINCAID
LALA BURTON	LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE	MARGARET KOKERNOT
JULIE OWEN	ADA BELL	OCIE JENNINGS
NATALIE HOLMAN	MILDRED CRISS	CARLYN NACHMAN
BERTHA BOLTON		THEO LIHPFERT
SALLIE MARTIN	BESSIE WILLIAMS	
HENRIETTA TAYLOR	ELIZABETH THOMPSON	LAURA LEE COONEY
FLORENCE IVES	VIRGINIA BROWN	MARGARET LEWIS



TENNIS CLUB



## Hollins Fairy Tales

"We have here," said the Baron, "an interesting variation on two well-known nursery tales, prepared with careful and accurate local color by Helen Steiner."

He read aloud as follows, while Ananias listened attentively:



### Bizzyella

ONCE upon a time, in the Kingdom of Hollins, there lived a beautiful young girl named Bizzyella. This poor unfortunate had been left here in care of an august body of ladies, each fast approaching her centennial realm.

Now each member of this body was in a constant strain over her

charge, since the latter was so indifferent about donning her outing dress and boots when an ordinary mortal could not exist, unless it be out of doors.

Poor Bizzyella, now a Senior in this school, had all her room cleaning to do, and if it were not entirely done in the hair's breadth time between breakfast and the first of her nine classes, she was severely reprimanded and demerited. In addition to that, she must every day in the two hours left, attend play practice, gymnasium, fencing, class meeting, Y. W. C. A., visit Lady President on business and, by the way, walk for at least one hour.

Now, this girl, as it happened strangely enough, by another new rule, could wear only clothes of a ton weight and color guaranteed not to be distinguished from the class room desks. Bizzyella was compelled to keep all the rules of this place because she was a Senior; but that mattered little, and she delighted in keeping them, since she received in return, privileges such as doubly long lessons, for which she might even sit up until eleven o'clock at night to study. So she did not complain and bore all with patience.

Now, this girl had two step-sisters, Grace and Sophia, who, being very ugly, were extremely jealous of Bizzyella's beauty. All the elderly ladies loved and adored these two daughters of the country, for their fathers were great public men. They did not love poor Bizzyella, because she was a Senior.

Now, it happened that Prince Darling made up his mind to give a cotillion and invite all the people in school, able to be moved with great effort. The dancing and feasting was to continue for two Mondays, and to be of a very splendid nature. Bizzyella's sisters were asked, and very exultant they were as they talked of the lovely décolleté gowns they would wear and the Dolly Varden pumps with gauzy socks.

"I shall look well in my amethyst satin with feathers in my hair," said the elder sister.

"But, no one shall compare with me in my gold pumps and yellow socks," insisted the younger.

When at last the great day came, Bizzyella was hurrying all day, manicuring her sisters' nails, curling their hair, fixing puffs and borrowing from all available sources whatever garments of necessity they lacked.

"Would you not like to go, Bizzyella?" they asked.



"I think in this attire I should be put out of the new building, and I'm sure Queen Bayne would never allow me to tread on her marble floors in these noisy shoes," Bizzyella sadly replied.

"Yes, true, child—but just think, if you were not a Senior you could go, too, and wear all the thin things you could find. Aren't you sorry you have to keep the rules?" laughingly taunted the sisters.

At last they were ready to go, and left, dressed in much borrowed finery, for the cotillion. When they had departed, Bizzyella, left alone, sat down near her icy cold radiator and began to cry.

"Oh! I wish—I wish—" she sobbed.

But, lo! just then such a rumbling, rattling noise shook her old radiator that she jumped up alarmed. Out of one side shot a perfect cloud of steam, filling the whole room. As Bizzyella watched it in amazement, it gradually took the form of a queer little bent old woman, whom she recognized to be her fairy godmother.

"Why, why are you crying, my child?" she asked, but before the girl could explain, the queer little woman added, "Oh! I can guess—you wish to go to the ball—well, you shall go."

"But, I can't go like this," Bizzyella sobbed.

"Do, child, as I tell you. Now fetch me that old summer low-necked frock of your and some pumps, with gaiters," commanded the little woman.

Bizzyella did as she was told, and when she returned, donned her frock.

"But how shall I evade Lady Principal's piercing glance in these thin clothes? And then this skirt is so out of fashion. The Faculty must never see me, for I'm a Senior and must set a standard for all these girls here. Oh! what shall I do?" asked the girl.

"Oh, you shall see," and so saying the godmother cut off three-fourths of the tacky skirt, creating a real directoire two and a half yards wide. She then touched the girl with her wand and suddenly her dress became dark blue, high-necked, long-sleeved and untrimmed, while her delicate pumps and gaiters turned into squeeching brogans with the pleasing height of boots.

"But where is an escort?" enquired the girl.

"Here," answered the godmother, and in a flash the handsome picture hanging nearby, lived and served her purpose.

"Go now, and when you have passed all danger points I shall turn your costume into a gold one. But mind me, be back here before ten o'clock, or your shabby clothes will return again and these quickly vanish to the attic," instructed the little old woman.

Poor Bizzyella, fearing lest she be seen with a man, sent him to the ball alone via East road, while she took the long road via West. Now, it happened that Lady Principal was sitting in her office with her window down and door closed, but Bizzyella walked boisterously by to impress the Lady with her thick shoes.

Bizzyella was very much elated on reaching the door of Queen Bayne's palace to feel her attire suddenly change and turn into a beautiful golden directoire, and she went in to the ball. All night long Prince Darling would dance with no one else except the beautiful strange girl, who entirely captivated him. Indeed, his mind was so much taken up with her that he would eat nothing. During the refreshments, Bizzyella sat by her ugly step-sisters and talked to them, and though they were greatly pleased, they did not dream that this was their Senior sister.

While Bizzyella talked some one screamed from the gallery,

"The bell has rung!"

Hearing this, the girl rose, and after courtesying to all, ran home alone. She then knocked on her radiator and thanked her godmother for her kindness and asked to go again next time, as the Prince Darling had so insisted and begged her to come. All the finery and escort vanished in a flash.

On the next Monday the sisters again went to the new palace to the ball and Bizzyella followed later, even more beautiful than the week before.

Now, it happened that Prince Darling was a lover of dark corners and opportunity and had taken the innocent Bizzyella on the little steps to cool off, just outside the door. In her happiness she forgot how quickly the hours flew past. The ten o'clock bell rang and Bizzyella fled from her Prince as swiftly as she could go.

As she hastened on her way along the West gallery, she overheard a loud voice saying:

"Do you see that girl, Miss Flickinger? Positively it's shocking. I've been watching her for the last two hours, sitting calmly on those stone steps, the same as if she thought it was a July night, and *she's a*



*Senior.* That's the way they think they're forwarding the Student Body Association. Why, I never heard of such direct insubordination to all rules. Of course, I hate for the girls to think that I report all their misdemeanors, for I'm sure I don't, but I shall certainly—"

Bizzyella, more agitated than ever, once more ran swiftly on. She flew by the Lady Principal, passed the chapel in safety and had just reached the middle door of East building, when a heavy hand fell upon her shoulder. For some moments she did not dare to move, but suddenly she was wheeled around to the light, two eyes pierced their way through her trembling body, and a voice, very, very close to her, said in grave tones:

"Is this the same girl that I see in Y. W. C. A. every Sunday, here deliberately violating the most stringent rule of our school? What do you expect to do with yourself in the future if you show no principle now? When you came here four years ago and entered my First English Class you were a very nice girl, but, like the others, you have been ruined. I confess that I'm disappointed in you. What do you suppose our President would say of such clothes as you have on? You know where you ought to be right now—go there at once, and I shall see you later."

Downcast and disheartened, poor Bizzyella stumbled up to her room and hastily donning her kimona, passed on out to the water bucket for a drink before she found oblivion in sleep. Refreshed by the cooling sulphur water, she returned to her room, and was soon lost in slumber and dreams of Prince Darling.

The next day, however, Prince Darling came around with a long string of golden curls which Bizzyella had dropped from her psyche as she fled from the ballroom. He had his valet, Cæsar, carry them on a silver salver and ring a little golden triangle, while he followed close behind.

Bizzyella's sisters were very anxious to match the curls, and tried curling, puffing, and even dying their hair, but to no avail. Then the Prince inquired whether there were any other young ladies here.

"My dear, yes, two hundred and fifty, but none have such frivolous modes of hair dress."

"Let them be brought," he insisted.

It happened that at last Bizzyella's turn came and she tried the string

of cork-screw curls. They matched exactly, and then, to the surprise of all, she drew forth several other sets to match.

Then the news was quickly spread through the spacious halls of the new crush in Hollinsland, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

## *Eater and the Bean Stalk*

LONG, long ago, in the land of Hollins, there lived on second floor East, a girl named Eater, with her roommate. Now, Eater was an idle lassie and played all day, sending hourly to the store, while her dutiful roommate worked hard.

Both girls, however, according to the natural course of events, became poorer and poorer, and each day sold some of their garments in order to procure food enough to live. By degrees the limited wardrobe had been robbed of its contents. At last, with tears in her eyes the hard-working roommate held out her last flannel waist to Eater, saying, "Go, my roommate, and sell this for whate'er you can, and buy with the price one last morsel."

Immediately Eater exchanged the waist to Lizoo for fifteen cents, and skipped joyously off to the store. Having reached her destination, her eyes fell first on a large can of Van Camp's Boston Baked Beans.

"Oh! what lovely beans," she cried.

"They are worth a fortune," said Mr. McLaughlin, "but you shall have them for fifteen cents, since you are such a good customer of mine."

"Agreed!" shouted Eater, and throwing her money down on the counter, she ran swiftly home to her anxious roommate.

Now, Eater's roommate was very angry when she heard the story and learned that the waist was bartered for horrid beans, when it might have bought lovely white cakes, and in her fury threw the can, unopened, out of the back window.

On the next morning Eater woke early to find her window shaded by the green leaves and scarlet blossoms of a strange plant. She ran swiftly down to the first floor and found that some of her cherished beans





had taken root and grown into a tall plant, whose summit was high above her own window. The stalk was formed of many stems, so twisted together that they made a ladder.

"I must go up that ladder tonight, when all is quiet," cried Eater, sinking down on the ground to think it over.

Suddenly a lovely little woman appeared before her and said:

"I am a good fairy, and brought you here. At the top of this stalk you will find more things to eat than you can manage, so go up tonight, when all the halls are quiet. But mind you do not let any one, not even the night watchman, see you roaming around the grounds so late, for if you do, there will be trouble, sure," and so saying the fairy vanished.

Eater, that night, without telling any one save her roommate, returned to the stalk and began her mysterious ascent. At last, she reached the top of the vine, and seeing the wonderful place to be only third floor East, stepped into a window, before which stood a girl.

"Will you take me in?" asked Eater.

"You do not know what you ask," replied the girl, "for soon I'm expecting Miss M—y P—s—n—ts, who will 'eat you up' if she catches you. But, hark! here she comes—you had best hide quickly," and so saying, the girl hastily concealed poor skipping Eater behind her screen.

By and by the house shook, flying footsteps on the stair announced the arrival of the expected guest, Miss M—y P—s—n—ts. She entered, walked over the whole room, shocking Eater breathless when she nearly came behind the screen.

She sat for some time, chatting of various things, and unsuspecting of Eater's presence.

Just as Eater dared for the first time to draw a breath, Miss M—y P—s—n—ts turned abruptly and said:

"I hear the noise of a skipping girl."

"Oh, no! 't is only the rats moving the screen to a more convenient place for themselves," answered the girl, agitatedly, as she placed on the table a number of tempting delicacies to eat.

"My dear, are you the only person in this room?"

"You and I are in here," came the answer from the nervous hostess.

Miss M—y P—s—n—ts, having partaken very hastily of the viands, arose to go. Eater, seeing her, crept quietly from behind the screen, tucked some food under her arm and ran down the beanstalk to her eager roommate. Both rejoiced once more, as they had all they could eat.

Before long, it happened that Eater, one night, said to her roommate:

"Oh! if we only had some oil, lemons, eggs, salt, asparagus and crackers, why, we could have asparagus and mayonnaise, for I have some real hot red pepper—and wouldn't that be grand! I'm going up the stalk and get some from our friend."

Again she climbed up and went to the room of the prosperous maidens on the third floor. As she sat with them, chatting sociably between swallows of ginger ale and bites of "tombstone" cakes, she heard the familiar sound of footsteps coming up the stairs four at a leap, and dived precipitately into the jumbo, leaving her half-emptied bottle on the table.

The lid had barely banged shut upon Eater's crouching form when the door opened, and Miss M—y P—s—n—ts stuck in her head—

"Smith!" she jerked out, "you finished translating that hymn I put into Latin for you? Been running through my head all day. What you all doing? Eating in study hour? Must want some demerits this quarter!"

"Oh, no indeed, Miss Mary; I've been studying that hymn all evening and I'm so fascinated by it I forgot the food was here. I declare, I think it's wonderful how you changed the thought and rhythm from English into Latin.—But do have some ginger ale and a cake. Please come in and sit down!"

Miss M—y entered cautiously and sat down on the very jumbo that held the quaking Eater. Lifting her head, she sniffed the air suspiciously:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of a skipping girl! Come on out! I got you! I see you! I know who you are!! Come on out and be demerited!"

"Oh, Miss Mary," cried the girl, "you just hear the cats making their winter resort among my clothes. It's a small matter; I always did adore cats."



Just then Miss M—y's eye fell upon the half-emptied bottle of ginger ale.

"Uh huh! See this! I knew it! Come on out, I tell you! I know who you are!" In a fever of the chase, Miss M—y pulled open the wardrobe door and clawed among the garments hanging therein.

"Quick!" whispered the girl, silently opening the jumbo. Up leaped Eater, and was out the window on the beanstalk with one bound. Miss M—y whisked around just in time to see a white skirt disappear over the window-sill.

"Hah! I got you, you mean little thing!" she cried, and tore across the room at full tilt. She was just in the act of climbing over the sill, with her usual agility, and Eater, who was feverishly descending the tangled vine, felt her hopes sink and die, but the good fairy had not deserted her.

Just at this critical point there was a tap on the door, and Miss M—y stopped short on the brink of the sill. The door opened; a familiar auburn head appeared, and was withdrawn immediately with a startled exclamation, as its owner spied Miss M—y P—s—n—ts. The force of habit was too strong. With a cry of "You, Merriman! I saw you! Skipping again, are you?" she withdrew from the sill, and, forgetting Eater, gave chase to the vanishing figure of "Merriman." Since this was only the good fairy in disguise, the chase was a fruitless one, but by the time Miss M—y had given up catching anything so elusive, Eater was safely down.

She pulled the vine down after her, turned out the light, and hopped into bed, so that all appeared peaceful and quiet when Miss M—y went around.

After this, Eater skipped no more, but she and her roommate lived in hungriness ever afterwards.



# THE STAGE



## When Knighthood was in Flower

Presented by the "Naught Nine" Stock Company

December 7th, 1908

### PEOPLE OF YE PLAYE

WILL SOMERS, Court Jester to King Henry VIII.....	S. Anderson	
JANE BOLINGBROKE, Maid of Honor to Mary Tudor.....	Sully Hayward	
ANNE BOLEYN, a Lady of ye Court.....	Mary Miles	
DUKE BUCKINGHAM.....	D. S. Carpenter	
SIR ADAM JUDSON, his cousin, and a famous duelist.....	R. Hayward	
SIR EDWARD CASKODEN, Master of ye Dance.....	S. Tillman	
CHARLES BRANDON, Officer of ye King's Guard.....	H. Steiner	
LE DUC DE LONGUEVILLE, Envoy of France.....	R. Stone	
THOMAS WOLSEY, Archbishop of Lincoln.....	N. Anderson	
KING HENRY VIII, of England.....	E. Ramsey	
MARY TUDOR, King Henry's Sister.....	Phoebe Hunter	
KATHERINE, Queen of England.....	Gertrude Oberholtzer	
HASTINGS, ye Court Tailor.....	J. Wingfield	
TOBY, Landlord of ye Bow and String Tavern.....	S. Anderson	
MORROW.....	} Adventurers {	N. Anderson
TRAVERS.....		M. P. Smith
BRADHURST, Captain of ye ship, Royal Hind.....		M. Haley
FRANCIS D'AUGOULEME, Dauphin of France.....		R. Hayward





# Pygmalion and Galatea

A Mythological Comedy in Three Acts, by W. S. GILBERT

Presented by the Euzelian Literary Society

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

PYGMALION, an Athenian Sculptor.....	H. Steiner
LEUCIPPE, a Soldier.....	L. Carpenter
CHRYPOS, an Art Patron.....	S. Anderson
AGESIMOS, Chrypos' Slave.....	J. Thom
MIMOS, Pygmalion's Slave.....	J. Miller
GALATEA, an Animated Statue.....	Marguerite Geer
CYNISCA, Pygmalion's Wife.....	Oline Butts
DAPHNE, Chrypos' Wife.....	Henrietta Taylor
MYRINE, Pygmalion's Sister.....	Sully Hayward

*Scene: Pygmalion's Studio, Athens*

Hollins Theater, Hollins, Virginia, March 1st, 1909





The European Literary Society

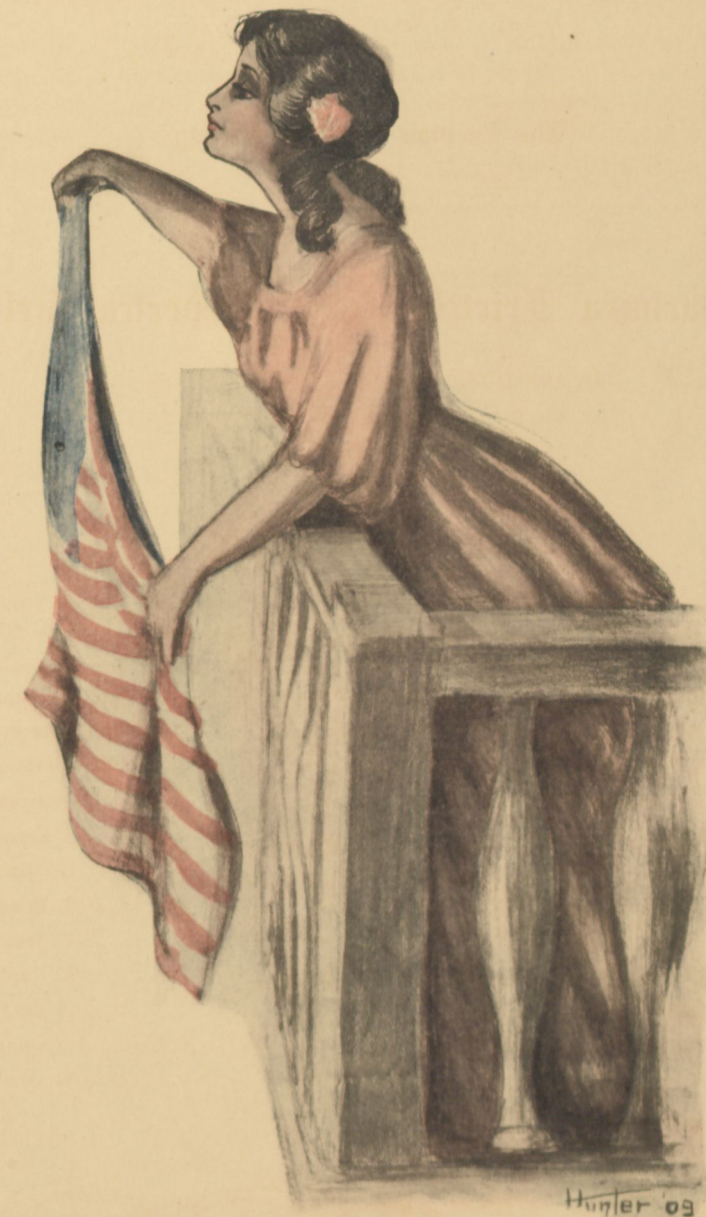
Presents

## Barbara Frietchie, The Frederick Girl

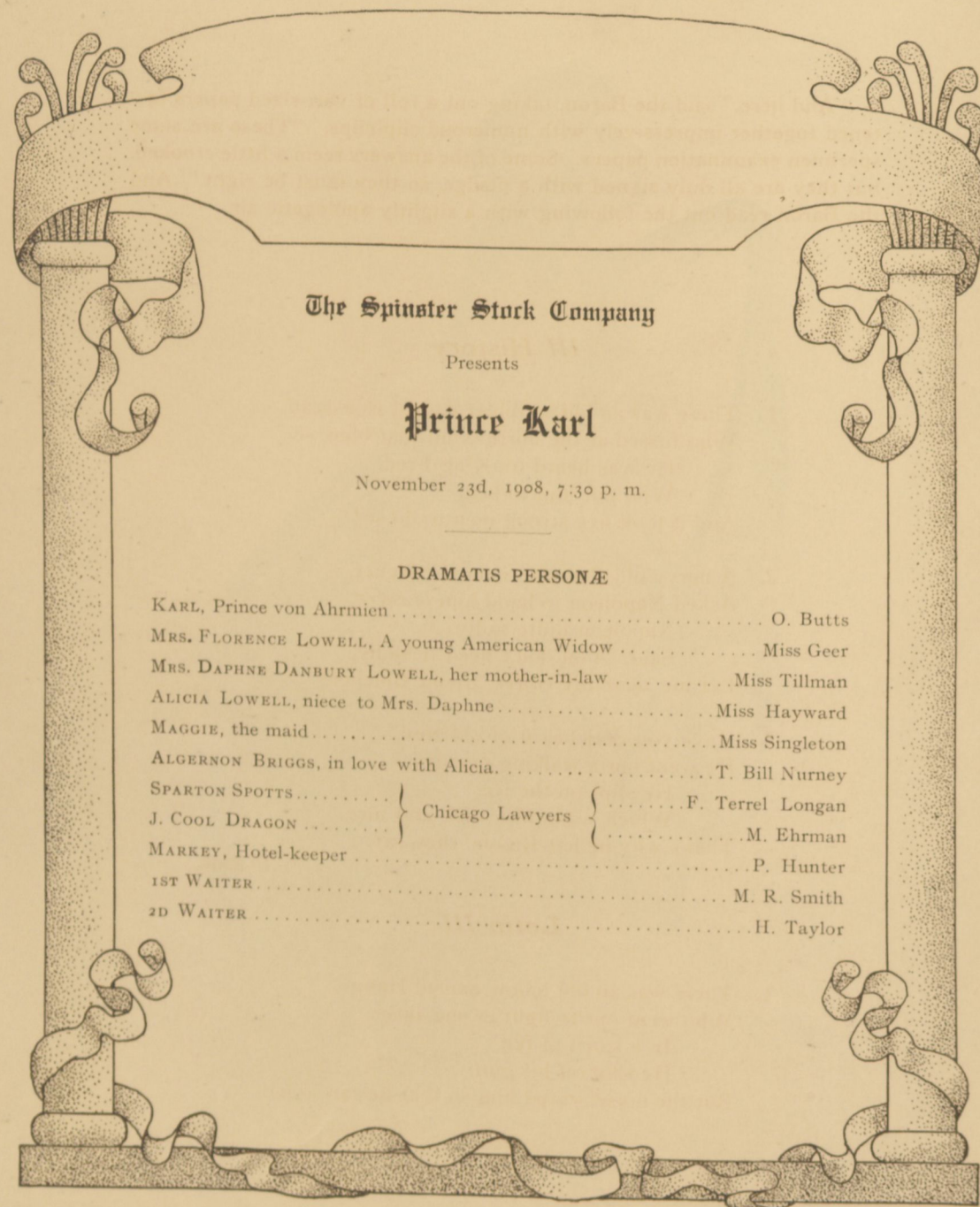
In the Hollins Theater, March 29, 1909

### THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.....	Phoebe Hunter	
SALLY NEGLEY.....	Barbara's { Friends and { Neighbors {	Mary Miles
SUE ROYCE.....		Rose Hayward
LAURA ROYCE.....		Sophie Tillman
MRS. HUNTER, wife of the Lutheran Minister.....	Gertrude Oberholtzer	
MAMMY LU.....	Louise Gause	
CAPTAIN TRUMBULL.....	J. Gotlieb	
MR. FRIETCHIE, Father of Barbara.....	M. Ehrman	
ARTHUR FRIETCHIE.....	G. Hinton	
COL. NEGLEY.....	F. T. Longan	
FRED GELWEX.....	Soldiers {	F. Bowser
TIM GREENE.....		T. Liipfert
EDGAR STRONG.....		L. Lee Cooney
DR. HAL BOYD.....	E. Cameron	
SERGT. PERKINS.....	G. McCoy	







The Spinster Stock Company

Presents

Prince Karl

November 23d, 1908, 7:30 p. m.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KARL, Prince von Ahrmien.....	O. Butts		
MRS. FLORENCE LOWELL, A young American Widow .....	Miss Geer		
MRS. DAPHNE DANBURY LOWELL, her mother-in-law .....	Miss Tillman		
ALICIA LOWELL, niece to Mrs. Daphne.....	Miss Hayward		
MAGGIE, the maid.....	Miss Singleton		
ALGERNON BRIGGS, in love with Alicia.....	T. Bill Nurney		
SPARTON SPOTTS.....	Chicago Lawyers {	{	F. Terrel Longan
J. COOL DRAGON .....			M. Ehrman
MARKEY, Hotel-keeper .....			P. Hunter
1ST WAITER.....			M. R. Smith
2D WAITER .....			H. Taylor

"And here," said the Baron, taking out a roll of vari-sized papers fastened together impressively with numerous clip-clips. "These are some specimen examination papers. Some of the answers seem a little crooked, but they are all duly signed with a pledge, so they must be right." And the Baron read out the following with a slightly apologetic air.

III History

1. There was an old scribbler named Rousseau,  
Who fussed at the north wind that blew so.  
He was heard by King Fred,  
Who put him to bed,  
And it took five strong men to do so!
2. A nervy old Prussian named Blucher,  
Asked Napoleon to hand him *la sucre*,  
Napoleon quite sadly  
Said, "You don't need it badly,  
Let me *sucre* my coffee, friend Blucher!"
3. Have you ever heard of old Ney?  
He went out a-walking one day,  
He slipt on the ice,  
Which was quite slick and nice,  
That's why he left Russia, they say.

PLEDGE.

Latin III

1. There was an old fellow named Hanno,  
Who went out to fight in one *anno*.  
In a spirit of fun  
He shot off his gun,  
But the noise scared him so that he ran—oh!



2. There was a swell Roman named Māxy,  
Who was first a little too foxy;  
    He gave a big dinner,  
    And the greedy old sinner  
Ate the whole bill-of-fare, did old Māxy!

3. Hast heard of *Scipio Africanus*?  
He lived in the *orbis Romanus*;  
    In the *bellum Punicum*  
    He managed to lick 'em,  
Then came home to his stand of bananas.

UNASSISTED.

### English III

1. Oh, *did* you know Charlotte Brontë?  
She was such a nice girl, so they sē;  
    She herself was "Jane Eyre,"  
    And that's why her heyre  
Was turned prematurely grē.
2. There was a young fellow named Poe,  
Whose soul was just reeking with woe;  
    He went on a spree  
    With Miss Annabel Lee,  
And they had a fine time, I just know.
3. The Rise of the Drama one knows,  
But I can not say why it arose,  
    And had it foreseen  
    What its Finis had been,  
"T would never have riz, I suppose.

PLEDGE.

### English IV

1. There was an old damsel named Sadgie,  
Who rolled up her hair on a magic;  
    It stuck in her ear,  
    And now she can't hear,  
And her hair didn't curl! Ain't that tragic?
2. There were some books writ in Latin,  
That Alfred to translate did *hatan*;  
    He said with a grin  
    That was brimful of sin,  
"It's a pretty stiff job, by old Satan!"
3. There was an old bishop called Asser,  
Who was known for a windy old gasser;  
    He wrote Alfred's life  
    With the aid of his wife,  
For he wasn't as smart as Mrs. Asser.

UNASSISTED.





### The Day of The Shirt Waist

The shirt waist, in its varied types, before us sits, in plaids and stripes;  
It must of silk or flannel be, all thru the winter months, you see—  
So let us bless each little waist; howe'er it fits, where e'er 'tis placed;  
It is the classic Hollins Tog as mentioned in our catalogue!

### The Unstaked Claim

NANCY ANSTRUTHERS lay down the book which for the last two hours she had energetically striven to become interested in, and to four bare walls announced the decision that such literature was appalling. The sound of her voice produced a faint echo in the stilted silence, and suddenly a further interruption was caused by a laugh from the same source.

"Absolutely no one to talk to," she murmured, "and how can Nancy Anstruthers be expected to keep still?"

Her eyes, restless, yet tinged with a humorous light, made a comprehensive sweep of her surroundings, and then came a summary.

"A little old rustic hotel, right on the top of the Ozarks. No dancing, no frivolities, but fine hunting, according to my father's solemn oath. Well, Nancy, something must be done to relieve things. Never again

Once more her eyes swept the walls and paused on a picture.

"Good-evening, Mr. Man in the flourishing gilt frame. Does your lofty position from the wall offer superior advantages to this cane-bottomed chair? Tell me, I prithee, does the rain patter as insistently and the wind moan as ungraciously up there? Oh!—indeed, yes, I am a trifle lonesome. Don't tell me I can't converse with you. Haven't been introduced—oh, pshaw!"

The girl was growing very interested in her conversation, for the simple reason that she controlled it all, and nothing suited Miss Anstruthers more. But suddenly opposition set in, and a jangle of words proceeded from the square hallway which served as office for the august proprietor of this mountain edifice.

"No, sir. Mr. Anstruthers is gone huntin'. I calculate the storm has ketched him—"

"Very well," came a silencing reply, "give me a room and I shall endeavor to rid myself of these traces of nature's grief."

"All right, sir, all right," obsequiously answered the first voice.



Prompted by curiosity and a sense of possession, since her father's presence was being demanded, Miss Anstruthers moved to the door. The two conversants were ascending what she termed the "step-ladder," and only one glimpse of a tan ulster and the flapping coat-tails of the proprietor was granted to the lonesome lady in question.

Miss Anstruthers went back into the room. A light of respect was beginning to dawn in the humorous eyes. "Another guest—" well, maybe life would be more interesting. Certainly that tan ulster gave signs of promise. With an air of premeditated innocence, she picked up a guitar, assumed a most graceful attitude before the low fireplace, and, with a determined nod of her head, commenced to sing.

She heard footsteps above. Evidently that room had been given to the gentleman with the tan ulster, and with renewed vigor she sang to the pine ceiling.

Before long her reward came. Distinctly she heard some one descending the steps—a hand touched the china knob of snowy white that adorned the door—unerringly it turned and a tall, broad-shouldered man entered the room.

Slowly and without a trace of embarrassment, he spoke:

"I beg your pardon—"

Nancy dropped the guitar, rose, and answered sweetly:

"Certainly, come in. The Mountain Top Hotel boasts of only one living-room. You'll find formality and conventionality lacking, as my father and I are the only other guests."

She paused, and the man, in the same deliberate tone, took up the conversation.

"Since you and your father are the only other guests here, I may presume that you are Miss Anstruthers?"

The girl nodded.

"In that case, let us be friends. I am Robert Caldwell, and am here at your father's invitation."

He advanced to the fireplace and the glow which had been kindled to dispel the gloom of the rainy March day revealed new features of interest to the girl. The broad shoulders and athletic build were afforded a strong contrast by the gray-touched hair that grew back from a high, intellectual forehead. Deep-set eyes proclaimed the indifference of the owner, and a stern mouth completed the "ensemble," which gave one the impression of an unrelenting man of the world. As the girl looked, surprise

and perplexity silenced her. She had thought that he was very young, yet he must be old.

The man, unabashed by the pause, continued:

"Really, Miss Anstruthers, I confess my surprise at finding you such a young lady. Your father so often speaks of 'his little girl, Nancy,' that I quite expected to see large bows and sailor suits."

The girl laughed.

"Yes, father has a way of overlooking the dignity that accumulates with twenty years, and right now I'm wondering why he ever had me meet him at this haven of rest. He refuses to let me hunt with him in bad weather, and since the weather man never provides any other sort, I'm beginning to believe that I'm a misfit here."

"Not at all," came the emphatic answer. "You have only seen the place at its worst."

He moved to the window, made a gesture of command, as if to bid the rain cease, and said:

"Why, tomorrow all those lesser peaks will be crowned with sunlight, and all the enchantment of your childhood's fairyland will come back to you—and you—why, you will appreciate and love it."

His tone of voice, matter of fact as it was, roused the girl's interest, but the flush on her cheek met no response from his calm, business-seared countenance as she answered:

"Oh! that will be lovely. Sunshine, mountains, unexplored nooks of nature's magic—oh! Mr. Caldwell, make the rain cease."

Her voice had suddenly grown so exuberant that the man turned and looked at her intently, and to him came the thought—"Essentially a child of nature."

In measured voice he replied:

"Your slightest wish shall be—"

"No," she interrupted, "don't spoil it by conventional talk."

The man eyed her keenly and the cynic asserted itself enough to cause a moment's query: "Was this impulsiveness mere affectation?"

The girl continued:

"I'm going to be frank with you—you rather command it. Do you know, I was so bored this afternoon. I hate rooms. I loathe that feeling of security that a roof over one's head brings. I wanted to be out—outside. Then I heard your voice, and since the latter was impossible, decided that you should amuse me."



With a queer little air of "Now—that's settled," she put one elbow on the mantle and turned with widely expectant eyes to the man.

"Well, really, Miss Anstruthers," and for a moment he was almost uncomfortable, "if you'd suggest something, perhaps I could—"

"Not at all," interrupted the lady, "you must suggest it."

This time Robert Caldwell knew that he was distinctly ill at ease, but with a laugh he said:

"Well—suppose—we roast some chestnuts."

"Exactly," came the joyous acquiescence, "and we'll tell stories just like I used to do on rainy days."

The man's face lost its sternness in a myth of a smile at the childishness of the girl who but an instant ago had boasted of "the dignity that accumulates with twenty years." For a moment silence ensued. The girl, after searching in the funny cupboard, extracted a bag of chestnuts and calmly sat down on the floor. Still the man did not move and, without looking up, she said in an imperious tone:

"Come, sit down here, and you shall tell the first story."

Awkwardly the man obeyed, and when the chestnuts were tucked in the embers, the girl folded her arms on her knees and leaning back, said: "I'm ready now."

Caldwell again felt his eyes drawn to this rather curious and exacting piece of femininity. What would the men at the club say if they could see him?—he almost laughed; but the quiet expectancy of the girl arrested him.

"A story?" he queried.

She nodded.

"I don't believe I know any."

The girl turned and looked him square in the face.

"But you must make one up," she commanded, "you see, we're just children now, you and I."

The man smiled, "Well, really, Miss Anstruthers, I was a child with your father."

Undismayed, the girl continued:

"Of course you were, and if you hadn't been I couldn't be acting this way."

Caldwell wondered whether he was glad or sorry that he came under this list. Certainly, she interested him, but it also made him feel the years of work that had been allotted him. His mind wandered back—

just as a mind that has become crammed and singed with business will do when it meets the vital personality of youth—and in its wandering it paused on his childhood. He felt the girl's scrutinizing gaze and with an effort said:

"Well, this shall be a true story."

He talked slowly, gradually forgetting himself, and before long was telling the girl all the lonesomeness and longing of little boys without mothers—all the reticence that stern fathers develop in children—all the indifference that comes when home-life ceases—and how deadening to the future a stinted childhood is. He talked on and on—never once did the girl interrupt. Darkness veiled the outlines of the room, and yet a web of sympathy seemed to be weaving between the man and his listener.

Several hours passed, and then footsteps in the hall aroused them. The door opened and a heavy-set man in hunting clothes entered the room. He glanced in amazement at the occupants of the floor. The man of the world recovered himself. The girl rose and impetuously stretched out her arms to the hunter.

"Father, you've come back—"

The man put his arm around her, but addressed the other figure:

"Caldwell—when did you come? How's the city, the exchange?"

The girl silenced him as the two men shook hands.

"No talk of the city, father. This is the mountains."

The older man laughed. "You must get accustomed to that bit of romantic idealism, Caldwell."

The girl had moved to the window and was looking searchingly into the depths of the mountain forests. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks were flushed, rebellious locks of hair clung to her forehead, and as Caldwell's eyes rested on her, he murmured:

"She is charming—the incarnation of youth."

## II

Restlessly Thomas Anstruthers—monopolizer of the Chicago Exchange and idolizer of his one daughter, Nancy—walked up and down the hotel sitting room. His face, usually stolid in expression, was puckered in a heavy scowl, and the nervous locking of his short fingers bespoke an uneasiness of mind that seldom visited its owner. Defiantly he sat



down and, in a tone that it pleased him to think was perfectly calm, muttered:

"Why in the thunder don't Caldwell stop baying at that moon and come on in here. Might think I had all night."

The last statement was perfectly true—he did have all night, but plainly he wanted to see Caldwell.

A moment later a silent figure entered the room, and in a voice that drifted to a monotone, asked:

"I think you wanted to see me?"

Something in the speaker's manner—a far-away, groping something—irritated the man to whom the moment was more vital than any former one in his life and in a high pitched tone he answered:

"Yes; if you'll get down to earth once I would like to say a word or two."

A glimmering smile passed over Caldwell's face but he made no response.

Anstruthers rose from his chair and with one decisive stride reached Caldwell's side.

"Look here, Bob, I've known you a long time"—he paused and then with emphasis continued—"You're about my age. With me its got to be plain talking or none at all. Now, see here, this evening I found that little girl of mine weeping—yes sir, crying. I'd had an idea for the last week but I didn't know until this evening when I made her tell me the truth. She's in love—and with you. Egad—a man as old as I—and you, blundering blockhead, haven't given her a chance to tell you."

Caldwell's face was working convulsively. His hands were clenched and in a tense voice he said:

"Don't—don't Anstruthers. My God! can't you see its tearing my very soul to flagrant shreds. Oh, yes, I'm old," his voice rose and with a hollow mockery of a laugh he went on, "old, but what's that? I've never been young. Yes, I was young for two months, and in that time I sold my life."

Anstruthers' face was a study in blanks. The passion of the man silenced him. Caldwell strode to the window—thrust his head out for a minute and then came back. His hands trembled and his voice was unnatural as he spoke.

"Listen, Anstruthers, and you shall hear a story for the first time revealed to any other man. A story did I say—oh, no! a tragedy. There's

no use in my telling you what my life was up to my father's death. You know the vacancy of those twenty years. Then you remember I went down to our country place to look after the estate. Well—let me be brief this time—during my stay there I married a woman who was beneath me both socially and intellectually. Just as I was beginning to realize the bitterness of my mistake by some turn of fate and heredity the woman who bore my name lost her mind. I had her put in a sanitarium, and she is there to-day—my wife"—he shuddered and turned to Anstruthers, whose dumb amazement calmed him.

"Now, Anstruthers, now you know why I haven't spoken. Oh the exquisite torture of meeting love when it is too late. Why, man, I never knew before what it was for a person to have faith in me—to understand me. These past weeks your daughter has made me understand myself and life. Oh! the folly of the years I have given to sordid care—searching for oblivion, which I never found until your daughter brought it to me. Every crag on this mountain top has a new symbol of a new, hitherto unknown life for me, and with my new knowledge has come a yearning for its interpreter. A yearning—what a longing that can never be filled."

His head dropped to his hands and his voice trailed off in abject misery.

By some instinct Anstruthers felt that the man should be alone, and in a half-credulous fashion, a light trying to shine through his narrow eyes, he walked to the door. There he paused and his tone was almost soft:

"Bob, forget my abruptness. I know you suffer—and my girl"—he choked and silently passed out.

The man inside raised his head and murmured:

"The girl—and I am old—as old as he is."

The early morning dew clung lusterlessly to the soft green covered mountain top as slowly a young girl took up the trail to the summit. The hush of dawn stilled things, and to the west the rising sun flickered behind a nebulous shade of mist. Having reached the top, the girl paused wearily, and put out her hand as if to push away the intangible veil of nature. Far out beyond her the adjoining mountains assumed uncanny outlines, the village beneath was wreathed in the tantalizing fog, and unconsciously she murmured, "Oh, I can't see things plainly. They are near but they're not mine."



She sat down upon the rock and was so quiet that her figure scarcely seemed human, and in the drawn face it was difficult to recognize the Nancy Anstruthers of two weeks before. Her chin was buried in her hands and the eyes which clung to the wedding sun were vacant. At times her lips moved unconsciously and again and again came the remark:

"'He's bound'—that's what father said, 'bound to another.'"

O! how happy she had been two weeks ago—how happy each one of the succeeding fourteen days had been. She and Caldwell had tramped over every inch of the place together. For awhile she had been almost awed by that indefinable composure and quiet that men of experience have; then in turn she had bent every effort towards knowing him, making him reveal his own character, and as her work progressed a great love had come to fill her being for the man. She had been insanely happy, and, although he had never spoken, his love shone the more clearly in his every action. His love—a love which she had thought would be her's for eternity, and now—only last night could it be—her father had told her the tragedy of Robert Caldwell's life, his tragedy now her's by right of denied love.

Her shoulders contracted sharply, then with an effort she lifted her head, and, a little below, ascending the mountain steep she saw Caldwell. She sat very still and waited for him to approach. Slowly he came until finally he stood beside her.

For a long time neither spoke, the man's face was very pale and the girl touched with pity laid her hand in his. He sat down beside her and in a strained voice asked:

"This is your last afternoon?"

The girl nodded; she could not speak.

"Then," the man continued with a great effort at composure, "this is the end. I—I—want to thank you for teaching me what life can mean. Before you came I never knew the joy of living—only the monotonous routine of mere existence was my share. You remember I told you one afternoon that I never had any home life. I've always been by myself, but now things will be different, you—you know what you've meant to me and yet I must tell you that had I not been bound to another I could never have claimed you. You are young, full of life with twenty years start of me. You have revived my youth, but in ten years it would have died—it's never been nourished and could not

have existed longer, while you will be young twenty-five years from now. No—it could never have been. I would never have asked it."

All the time the girl was silent, never once looking at the man whose eyes were riveted on her.

"You leave tomorrow, I go tonight to accept an engineering deal in South America. 'T is best—I want to be far away from you."

The girl started from her dazed stupor and murmured:

"And it could never have been?"

The man took both her yielding hands and answered simply:

"No—it could never have been."

The mist still clung to the sky, and in the east soft clouds were insinuating their way. They were alone for the last time and neither spoke. For some time they sat there—then with a mighty effort the man arose. Without looking at the girl he said huskily:

"Good-bye."

In an almost inaudible whisper she answered, and then the square shoulders straightened and with slow, steady determination the man took up the mountain trail and soon the mist-touched boulders bore him from sight.

On the deck of the *Lusitania* stood a man with broad, athletic shoulders and hair tinged with gray that grew back from an intellectual forehead. The soft shaded sky spread over the subdued waters which rolled out into the distance—a distance which had no ending it seemed to the man. Against the white mast his immobile figure was plainly outlined, and a more than casual observer would have noticed the weary curve of the shoulders. A bit of yellow paper flutters in his hand, and slowly he read:

*Western Cablegraph Co. Via Wireless.*

*Mr. Robert Caldwell—On board Lusitania.*

*Your wife died today.*

*Albany Hospital.*

As the man looked up the dull phantom of a smile brushed his features and to the shimmering sea came the drifting tones.

"It could never have been."

FRANCES TERRELL LONGAN.





As voted by the student Association, for the SPINSTER of 1900.

- The best all-round girl—*Helen Steiner*.
- The prettiest—*Maud Harris*.
- The most intellectual—*Elizabeth Harlan*.
- The most attractive—*Phoebe Hunter*.
- The most public-spirited—*Mary Miles*.
- The most popular—*Helen Steiner*.
- The most original—*Frances Longan*.
- The most stylish—*Louise Mountcastle*.
- The wittiest—*Frances Longan*.
- The best actress—*Phoebe Hunter*.
- The most musical—*Almah McConihay*.
- The best student—*Margaret Scott*.
- The most athletic—*Louise Carpenter*.
- The most talented—*Phoebe Hunter*.
- The best dancer—*Marguerite Ehrman*.
- The most tactful—*Sophie Tillman*.
- The most conceited—*Rose Hayward*.
- The laziest—*Marie Lebby*.
- The most affected—*Mildred Criss*.
- The most sentimental—*Leta Camp*.
- The biggest bluffer—*Sophie Tillman*.
- The most blasé—*Rose Hayward*.
- The most susceptible—*Sully Hayward*.

As the Baron tossed the last sheet upon the great pile of papers that covered his table, silence reigned for a few minutes, and he and Ananias sat gazing into the embers of the wood-fire, each busy with his own thoughts. At last Ananias arose and extended his hand to the Baron Munchausen.

"I congratulate you," he said slowly and impressively. "It's the best you've ever told, and it has been a privilege to attend its recital. Once more, let me congratulate you," shaking his hand long and heartily, "it will take me the next few centuries to beat that!"

As the door slammed behind Ananias, the Baron Münchhausen sank into his chair again beside the fire. A charred log broke with a shower of sparks, and one ember after another faded into gray ash, but the Baron still sat motionless, with his eyes dreamily on the dying fire, and his thoughts far away over the Virginia hills.

THE END.





My dear Girls:—

We add another volume to the eleven already on the shelf, that it may stand as a reminder of our little generation of Hollins life to the ever-changing generations that follow in years to come. May the reminder be a gracious one, and may its message carry some of the work and play, enthusiasm, loyalty and comradeship that have lived and glowed in this year 1909!

Another year's little drama is over,—“let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is out.” Good-luck to you at Hollins, whom I love, and success throughout another golden year, and au revoir!

Lovingly your

SPINSTER.

## Spinster Staff From 1898

THE DATE OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE FIRST SPINSTER, TO 1910

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Roll of Students

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RUTH ABBOTT .....	Louisville, Ga. ....	Waldorf .....	2
K K K; Georgia Club; Euepian; Night Hawk.			
LAURA AGNEW .....	Burkeville, Va. ....	Main .....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Sophomore Class.			
MOZELLE ALDERMAN .....	Alcolu, S. C. ....	Waldorf .....	3
Σ Σ Σ; Euzelian; South Carolina Club; A. C.			
SUSIE ANDERSON .....	Clifton Forge, Va. ....	Main .....	4
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Senior Class.			
NELL ANDERSON .....	Clifton Forge, Va. ....	Main .....	4
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Treasurer of Euzelian Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Virginia Club; Senior Class.			
NANCY ANDERSON .....	Charlotte, N. C. ....	Waldorf .....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Night Hawk.			
ELIZABETH ARBOGAST .....	Lake Charles, La. ....	Waldorf .....	1
Louisiana Club; Prowler.			
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD .....	Churchland, Va. ....	Waldorf .....	3
Φ M Γ; Euepian; Virginia Club; D-R-A-G-O-N.			
AMELIA BALDWIN .....	New Orleans, La. ....	Tinnymment ....	2
Euzelian; Louisiana Club.			
STELLA BALDWIN .....	Appleton City, Mo. ....	Waldorf .....	1
K K K; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Missouri Club; Sophomore Class; Joker; A. D. A.; D-R-A-G-O-N.			
FLORENCE BARLOW .....	Urbana, Ohio ....	Tinnymment ....	1
Γ O Π; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Striker.			
MILDRED BARR .....	Starkville, Miss. ....	Waldorf .....	2
Euzelian; Mississippi Club.			
ROBINETTE BEAR .....	Norfolk, Neb. ....	Waldorf .....	2
Euzelian; Sophomore Class.			
ADA BELL .....	Atlanta, Ga. ....	Tinnymment ....	2
Tilicum; Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
ELIZABETH BENNET .....	Quitman, Ga. ....	Tinnymment ....	3
Tilicum; Euzelian; Vice-President of Georgia Club.			
BERTHA BOLTON .....	Alexandria, La. ....	Main .....	2
Σ Σ Σ; Euzelian; Louisiana Club; Sophomore Class; Skippers; Co-tillion Club.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MURIEL BOONE.....	Shanghai, China.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Foreign Club; Freshman Class.			
MASTER HILL BOWER.....	Hollins, Va.....		
RUBY BOWMAN.....	North East, Pa.....	Main.....	1
FLORENCE BOWSER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Yankee Club.			
ANNA BREWER.....	New York, N. Y.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Φ M; N N N; Yemassee; Yankee Club; Vice-President of Freshman Class.			
KATHERINE BROSIUS.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	1
S. G.; Euzelian; Virginia Club; N N N; Sophomore Class.			
JOSEPHINE BROWN.....	San Marcos, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	1
X Σ; Texas Club; Euepian.			
KENNERLY BROWN.....	Buffalo, W. Va.....	Cottage.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
IRENE BROWN.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Prowler; Missouri Club.			
VIRGINIA BROWN.....	Scottsboro, Ala.....	Main.....	3
Alabama Club; Sophomore Class.			
LOUISE BRUCE.....	Churchland, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Euepian; High Livers.			
HARRIET BRYAN.....	El Paso, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Φ M; Euzelian; Texas Club; Night Hawk.			
MARGARET BRYAN.....	El Paso, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Texas Club.			
HELEN BRYAN.....	Franklin, Ind.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Yankee Club.			
ELOISE BUCHER.....	Urbana, Ohio.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian; Glee Club; Yankee Club.			
AMELIA BURACHER.....	Luray, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; High Livers; X Σ.			
LALLA BURTON.....	Henderson, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
K K K; President of North Carolina Club; Euzelian.			
OLINE BUTTS.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	3
K Δ; Leader Yemassee Rooters; Euzelian; President of Georgia Club; Cotillion Club; A. C.; Striker.			
ELVA CAMERON.....	Marietta, Pa.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Cotillion Club; Euepian; Yankee Club.			
JENNIE CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	3
Florida Club; Euepian.			
MARY CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	3
Florida Club; Euepian.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LETA CAMP.....	Ocala, Fla.....	Main.....	3
Φ M Γ; Masker; Euepian; Florida Club.			
DOROTHEA CAMPBELL.....	Salem, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Virginia Club.			
AGNES CARDER.....	Huntington, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
K. T. S.; West Virginia Club.			
NELL CARNEAL.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; President of Virginia Club; Prowler.			
LOUISE CARPENTER.....	CLIFTON FORGE, VA.....	Waldorf.....	4
Γ O Π; Light-Feet; Euzelian; Joker; Captain of Mohican Team; Business Manager of SPINSTER and <i>Quarterly</i> ; Vice-President of Virginia Club; Senior Class; Cotillion Club; D-R-A-G-O-N.			
MARGUERITE CEPALU.....	New Orleans, La.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Louisiana Club; Skippers.			
ISABELLE COBBS.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Main.....	2
Δ T B; Cotillion Club; Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer of Alabama Club; Sophomore Class; D-R-A-G-O-N; Masker; Epicurean.			
JEANIE COCKE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	4
Λ P; D-R-A-G-O-N; Euepian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Mohican Team; President of Class '11; Joker.			
VIRGINIA COHRON.....	Stuart's Draft, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Virginia Club.			
ANNIE COOLEY.....	Anderson, S. C.....	Main.....	1
South Carolina Club.			
LAURA LEE COONEY.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Φ M; Georgia Club; Mohican Team; Cotillion Club; Euepian; High Livers; Freshman Class; Epicurean.			
VIRGINIA CORKE.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euepian; President of West Virginia Club; Assistant Business Manager of SPINSTER and <i>Quarterly</i> ; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '10; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '09-10.			
MILDRED CRISS.....	New York, N. Y.....	Waldorf.....	1
Λ P; Euzelian; Sophomore Class; Prowler; Yankee Club.			
STELLA CROWELL.....	Tampa, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	2
P. Ph.; Euzelian; Florida Club; Sub. Yemassee Team.			
RUTH CRUPPER.....	Alexandria, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Freshman Class.			
RACHEL DAVIS.....	Ft. Smith, Ark.....	Main.....	1
VERA DAVIS.....	Plano, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	1
P. Ph.; Texas Club; Euepian.			
CLARE DENMAN.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	4
X Σ; Euepian; President of Texas Club; Sophomore Class.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELIZABETH DEW	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
Virginia Club.			
PEYTON DICKINSON	Clinton, Mo	Waldorf	1
Missouri Club.			
ELSIE DOUGAN	Savannah, Ga.	Main	1
Georgia Club.			
BARON DUNTON	Bird's Nest, Va.	Tinnymment	3
Virginia Club; Euzelian; Junior Class.			
MARGUERITE EHRLMAN	Birmingham, Ala.	Tinnymment	2
Alabama Club; Euepian; Leader of Mohican Rooters; Cotillion Club.			
CORNELIA ELLIS	Shawsville, Va.	Main	4
Virginia Club; Junior Class; Yemassee Team; Secretary of Students' Association; Epicurean; Cotillion Club; Glee Club.			
LOIS EMBREE	Buena Vista, Va.	Waldorf	1
K Δ; Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
ANNA ESTES	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
K Δ; Tennessee Club; D.—F. F.; Light-Feet; A. D. A.			
THERESE FANZ	Knoxville, Tenn.	Main	1
Tennessee Club.			
JETTE AILEEN FARLEY	Birmingham, Ala.	Main	1
Φ M Γ; Alabama Club.			
VERA FIREBAUGH	Hollins, Va		
WILMINA FLICKINGER	Takoma, D. C.	Cottage	1
KATHARINE FLOYD	Hollins, Va.		
EVELYN FOUTZ	Bluefield, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
West Virginia Club.			
MAY FOWLKES	South Boston, Va	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Virginia Club; Sub. on Mohican Team.			
ERSKINE FRAZIER	Atlanta, Ga.	Waldorf	1
K K K; Georgia Club.			
MARIA GARTH	Huntsville, Ala.	Waldorf	2
Φ M; Euzelian; Alabama Club.			
LOUISE GAUSE	Ft. Worth, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
MARGUERITE GEER	Easley, S. C.	Waldorf	2
Σ Σ Σ; President of South Carolina Club; Secretary of Euzelian Society; President Euzelian Open Meeting; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1909-1910; Vice-President Junior Class.			
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST	Wheeling, W. Va.	Waldorf	3
Φ M; West Virginia Club; Prowler.			
LOUISE GILL	Petersburg, Va.	Tinnymment	1
Virginia Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
KATHARINE GIVEN	Haymarket, Va.	Main	1
K Δ; Virginia Club; High Livers; Skippers.			
ETHEL GLENN	Ellisville, Miss.	Main	1
Mississippi Club; Euepian; Freshman Class.			
JANET GOTTLIEB	Baltimore, Md.	Main	1
Euepian; Δ T B.			
ANNE GREGORY	Stovall, N. C.	Waldorf	2
North Carolina Club.			
MARY GRIFFIN	Atlanta, Ga.	Tinnymment	1
Tilicum; Georgia Club; Euzelian.			
JANIE GRIFFITH	Terrell, Texas	Waldorf	1
Euepian; Δ T B.			
MABEL GRIGSBY	Washington, D. C.	Tinnymment	3
Euzelian; Washington Club.			
ALINE GULLEDGE	Plano, Texas	Tinnymment	1
P. Ph.; Texas Club; Euepian.			
MAY HALEY	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	4
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Prowler; Senior Class.			
FANNIE HALEY	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	1
Virginia Club; Prowler.			
ALICE HAMMOND	Washington, D. C.	Main	1
Euepian; Yankee Club.			
MILDRED HARDY	Corsican, Texas	Main	1
Texas Club.			
HELEN HARDY	Corsicana, Texas.	Main	1
Φ M; Texas Club; Tilicum; Euepian; High Livers.			
BESS HARLAN	Marlin, Texas.	Waldorf	3
K K K; T. A. R.; Euepian; Editor-in-Chief of the <i>Quarterly</i> ; President of A. C. Class; Joker; A. D. A.; Dramatic Club; D—F. F.; Vice-President of Texas Club.			
ELOISE HARRIS	Hollins, Va.	Cottage	
Virginia Club.			
MARTHA HARRIS	Clarksville, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
HELEN HARRIS	Sedalia, Mo.	Waldorf	1
Δ T B; Sophomore Class; Missouri Club; Euepian; T. A. R.			
MAUDE HARRIS	Savannah, Ga.	Tinnymment	1
A P; Georgia Club; Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club; Striker; T. A. R.; Masker.			
BONNIE HARSHBARGER	Hollins, Va.		
LOUISE HAWKINS	Huntington, W. Va.	Main	1
K Δ; Secretary of West Virginia Club; Euepian; High Livers; Epicurean; Joker.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ROSE HAYWARD	New Orleans, La.	Main	5
A P; T. A. R.; Joker; Euepian; Secretary of Class '09; Cotillion Club; Vice-President of Louisiana Club; Dramatic Club; Manager of Glee Club.			
SULLY HAYWARD	New Orleans, La.	Tinnymment	5
A P; Masker; Striker; Euzelian; President of Louisiana Club; Prophet of Class '09; Chairman of Athletic Committee; Vice-President of Euzelian Final Meeting.			
CONSTANCE HENDERSON	Parkersburg, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
West Virginia Club.			
BELLE HEYER	Wilmington, N. C.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; North Carolina Club; K. T. S.			
MARY HILL	South Boston, Va.	Main	2
Virginia Club.			
AILEEN HILL	South Boston, Va.	Main	2
Virginia Club.			
DOUGLASS HILL	Durham, N. C.	Waldorf	1
K A; North Carolina Club.			
GLADYS HINTON	Hinton, W. Va.	Main	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club.			
LUCILE HINTON	Hinton, W. Va.	Main	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club.			
HELEN HOFFMEIER	Hagerstown, Md.	Main	1
High Livers; Euepian.			
KITTY HOGE	Roanoke, Va.	Main	2
A T B; Euepian; Virginia Club; Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Masker; Epicurean.			
BESSIE HOLLAND	Suffolk, Va.	Tinnymment	3
A P; Masker; Virginia Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Striker.			
MARY HOLLINS	Nashville, Tenn.	Main	1
Euepian; Tennessee Club.			
NATALIE HOLMAN	Longdale, Va.	Tinnymment	3
Euzelian; Quarterly Staff; Virginia Club; Tilicum.			
JENNIE HOPKINS	Lexington, Va.	Waldorf	1
Virginia Club; Prowler.			
PHOEBE HUNTER	Mont Clare, Penn.	Tinnymment	3
Φ M Γ; Euepian; Editor-in-Chief of SPINSTER, '08-09; Senior Class; Secretary Euepian Lee Evening; Poet of Class '09; Stage Manager of Dramatic Club; President of Yankee Club; T. A. R.; A. D. A.; Joker; Striker; Manager Glee Club.			
VERA HYLTON	Bramwell, W. Va.	Main	1
West Virginia Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MARGARET INGRAM	Blackstone, Va.	Main	2
Virginia Club; Euepian.			
FLORENCE IVES	Norfolk, Va.	Main	1
Φ M Γ; Virginia Club; Mohican Team; High Livers; Epicurean; Joker.			
ELIZABETH JACKSON	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; Virginia Club.			
ROBERTA JACKSON	Front Royal, Va.	Main	2
P. Ph.; Euzelian; Virginia Club.			
SARAH JAMISON	Greenwood, S. C.	Main	2
South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Sophomore Class.			
OCIE JENNINGS	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	2
K K K; Virginia Club; D—F. F.			
TRIXIE JONES	Huntington, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
West Virginia Club.			
EVA JORDAN	Ellisville, Miss.	Main	1
Mississippi Club; Euepian.			
DOROTHY JUDKINS	Danville, Va.	Waldorf	1
Γ O II; Virginia Club; Night Hawk.			
GUSTAVA KELLY	Wise, Va.	Main	2
Virginia Club.			
JOSIE KINCAID	San Antonio, Texas	Waldorf	2
X Z; Secretary and Treasurer of Texas Club; Euepian; Sophomore Class.			
ETTA KINCAID	San Antonio, Texas	Waldorf	2
X Z; Texas Club; Euzelian.			
FRANK KING	Taylor, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club; Night Hawk.			
IDA KING	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	1
Georgia Club; Euzelian.			
RUTH KING	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	1
Georgia Club; Euzelian.			
MARGARET KOKERNOT	San Antonio, Texas	Tinnymment	1
Texas Club; Euepian; Tilicum.			
MOLLELLE KUYKENDALL	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Tinnymment	2
West Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
TERRY TRUX LACKLAND	Grove Hill, Ala	Main	5
S. G.; Alabama Club; N. N. N.			
MARY LAKE	Laurens, S. C.	Main	1
South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Sophomore Class.			
DIXIE LAMBERT	Waynesboro, Va.	Waldorf	1
Virginia Club.			
JANEY LAWSON	South Boston, Va.	Main	4
S. G.; Virginia Club; Euzelian; A. C.; N. N. N.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
PAULINE LAWTON	Hartsville, S. C.	Main	3
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; President of Y. W. C. A., '09-10; South Carolina Club; Junior Class; Secretary Euzelian Society, '08-09; Skippers.			
LENA LAYNE	Hollins, Va.		
NEVA LAYNE	Hollins, Va.		
MILDRED LAYNE	Hollins, Va.		
MARIE LEBBY	Charleston, S. C.	Tinnymment	2
X Σ; Euepian; South Carolina Club; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; Striker.			
LILLIE LEE	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	1
Alabama Club; President of Class '12; Euepian; Skippers.			
EDMONIA LEECH	Lexington, Va.	Waldorf	1
Prowler; Virginia Club.			
MARION LESESNE	Charleston, S. C.	Waldorf	1
X Σ; South Carolina Club; Night Hawk.			
LUCIE LEWIN	Staunton, Va.	Tinnymment	1
Γ O Π; Virginia Club; Euepian; Junior Class; Tilicum.			
ANNABELLE LEWIS	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
MARGARET LEWIS	Leeds, Ala.	Tinnymment	2
X Σ; Alabama Club; Yankee Club; Sophomore Class; Striker; Euepian.			
THEO. LIIPFERT	Winston-Salem, N. C.	Main	1
Φ M; North Carolina Club; Mohican Team; Skippers; Euepian; Freshman Class.			
ALICE LINCOLN	Marion, Va.	Main	2
S. G.; Virginia Club; N. N. N.; Sophomore Class.			
EDWINA LOCKETT	Winston-Salem, N. C.	Main	3
Euepian; President of North Carolina Club; Epicurean.			
FRANCES LONGAN	Sedalia, Mo.	Waldorf	3
Δ T B; T. A. R.; Joker; Euepian; SPINSTER Staff; President of Missouri Club; Prowler; A. D. A.; Treasurer of Students' Association; D-R-A-G-O-N; President of Euepian Lee Evening; Vice-President of A. C. Class; D-F. F.; Dramatic Club.			
MAI FAIRE LOONEY	Greenville, Texas	Tinnymment	1
S. G.; Texas Club; Euepian.			
MAYSIE LYLES	Columbia, S. C.	Waldorf	3
Φ M Γ; D-R-A-G-O-N; Euzelian; South Carolina Club; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; Assistant Chairman of Athletic Committee; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting.			
ADELAIDE MCBRIDE	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf	2
X Σ; Georgia Club; Euepian; Night Hawk.			
BELLE McCOMB	Paris, France	Main	1
Foreign Club.			
LUCELIA McCLAIN	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	2
Γ O Π; Virginia Club; Euepian; Mohican Team; D-F. F.; Glee Club; Cotillion Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ALMA McCONIHAY	Charleston, W. Va.	Tinnymment	2
Φ M Γ; Vice-President of West Virginia Club; Euepian; Dramatic Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Glee Club; Striker; Joker.			
MARGUERITE McCONNELL	Knoxville, Tenn.	Main	2
Euzelian; Tennessee Club; Sophomore Class.			
GRACE McCOY	Sisterville, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
West Virginia Club.			
KATE McDANIEL	Kinston, N. C.	Cottage	1
North Carolina Club; Freshman Class.			
MILDRED McDANIEL	Kinston, N. C.	Cottage	1
North Carolina Club.			
MABEL McIVER	Lowell, Mass.	Main	1
Euepian, Yankee Club.			
MASTER BURTON McLAUGHLIN	Hollins, Va.		
ALMEDA McWHORTER	Charleston, W. Va.	Main	1
Δ T B; West Virginia Club; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; High Livers; Epicurean; Joker.			
BESSIE MAJOR	Anderson, S. C.	Tinnymment	3
Euzelian; South Carolina Club; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; A. C.			
FLORRIE MALONE	Dothan, Ala.	Main	2
Φ M Γ; Alabama Club; Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Historian of Sophomore Class; Skippers.			
SALLIE MARTIN	Hickory, N. C.	Main	2
Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Sophomore Class; Skippers.			
HARRIET MASON	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	1
P. Ph.; Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
URA MATHEWS	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	1
Virginia Club; Prowler.			
CLOTILDE MATTINGLY	Laurel, Md.	Maine	1
Φ M; Skippers; Euepian; Tilicum.			
DORA MEEK	Burke's Garden, Va.	Main	1
Virginia Club.			
NANCY MERRIMAN	Asheville, N. C.	Tinnymment	3
North Carolina Club.			
MARJORIE METCALF	South Orange, N. J.	Main	1
Euzelian; Yankee Club.			
MARY MILES	Marion, Va.	Waldorf	4
Δ T B; T. A. R.; Masker; Treasurer of Euepian Society; Senior Class; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Light-Feet; Vice-President Euepian Lee Evening; President of Students' Association.			
JESSIE MILLER	Tampa, Fla.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Florida Club; Yemassee Team.			
REINETTE MILLER	Atlanta, Ga.	Waldorf	2
K K K; Georgia Club; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Striker.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELIZABETH MINER	Eastville, Va.	Main	2
FRANCES MITCHELL	Mount Carmel, Ill.	Tinnymment	2
K K K; Euzelian; President of Illinois Club; Secretary of Yankee Club; Striker; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '09-10.			
ELBERT MONCURE	Williamsburg, Va.	Main	1
LOIS MONTGOMERY	Spartanburg, S. C.	Waldorf	1
Σ Σ Σ; South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Night Hawk.			
PAMELA MOORE	Columbia, S. C.	Tinnymment	2
Φ M Γ; Joker; Euepian; South Carolina Club.			
ADELE MORRIS	Summit, N. J.	Main	1
Yankee Club.			
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
Γ O Π; Euzelian; President of Tennessee Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Joker; Glee Club; A. D. A.; Dramatic Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '11; Cotillion Club.			
ANNIE MUCKLER	Tilden, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
CARLYN NACHMAN	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Sophomore Class; K. T. S.			
LENORE NOTTINGHAM	Rockford, Ill.	Tinnymment	2
Euepian; Yankee Club.			
THERESE NURNEY	Suffolk, Va.	Tinnymment	3
A P; T. A. R.; Masker; President Cotillion Club; Mohican Team; Dramatic Club; Striker; Glee Club.			
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER	Mont Clare, Pa.	Waldorf	3
A P; Euepian; Senior Class; Light-Feet; Yankee Club.			
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER	Mont Clare, Pa.	Waldorf	1
Freshman Class; Light-Feet; Yankee Club.			
ESTHER O'KEEFE	Plymouth, Ind.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian.			
CORNELIA ORRICK	Hagerstown, Md.	Waldorf	3
Δ T B; Euzelian; Joker; D—F. F.; A. D. A.			
JULIE OWEN	Wilmington, N. C.	Main	1
Φ M; North Carolina Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '12; Euepian; High Livers; Cotillion Club.			
DAISY PACK	Freeman, W. Va.	Main	1
West Virginia Club.			
ADELE PATTON	Catlettsburg, Ky.	Main	1
K Δ; Kentucky Club; High Livers; Epicurean.			
ALLIE PEOPLES	Greensboro, N. C.	Main	1
North Carolina Club; Freshman.			
ERNA PIERRON	Milwaukee, Wis.	Waldorf	1
Glee Club; Yankee Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
EDITH PIPKIN	Reidsville, N. C.	Main	1
Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Sophomore Class.			
REBECCA PORTER	Memphis, Tenn.	Waldorf	3
K Δ; Euzelian; Tennessee Club; Mohican Team; A. D. A.; Dramatic Club; D—F. F.; D-R-A-G-O-N.			
MARY POWERS	Charlottesville, Va.	Main	3
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Junior Class.			
CLARA PUGH	Charlottesville, Va.	Waldorf	1
P. Ph.; Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
EUDORA RAMSEY	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	4
X Σ; Euepian; Exchange Editor of <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; Night Hawk; Historian of Class '09; Vice-President of South Carolina Club; Yemassee Team; Virginia Club.			
RUTH REINHART	Merrill, Wis.	Waldorf	2
RUTH RIDDICK	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	1
Γ O Π; Virginia Club; Sophomore Class.			
SUSIE ROBERTS	Duprees, Va.	Tinnymment	1
Virginia Club; Euepian; Sophomore Class; Tilicum.			
MAIDA ROUNTREE	Quitman, Ga.	Tinnymment	1
Φ M; Georgia Club; Tilicum.			
COURTNEY RUDD	Ponce, Porto Rico.	Main	2
Euzelian; Foreign Club; Sophomore Class; Yemassee.			
SARAH SANDIDGE	Stephensville, Texas	Waldorf	2
Texas Club.			
ELSIE SCHMELZ	Hampton, Va.	Waldorf	1
Virginia Club; Prowler.			
EMILIE SCHOEW	Bramwell, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
West Virginia Club; K. T. S.			
MARGARET SCOTT	Baltimore, Md.	Main	2
Euzelian.			
ETHEL SCOVEL	Haddon Field, N. J.	Main	2
Yankee Club.			
JESSIE SELKREGG	North East, Pa.	Main	1
KITTIE SETTLE	Centralia, Mo.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Missouri Club.			
ADDIE SHARP	Detroit, Texas	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
ALICE SHENK	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	1
K Δ; Virginia Club; High Livers; Epicurean.			
BESSIE SHIELDS	New Orleans, La.	Waldorf	
Euepian; Louisiana Club.			
FLORENCE SHIRLEY	Mt. Sterling, Ky.	Main	1
Kentucky Club; Skippers.			
RUTH SIMPSON	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	3
Virginia Club; Euzelian.			

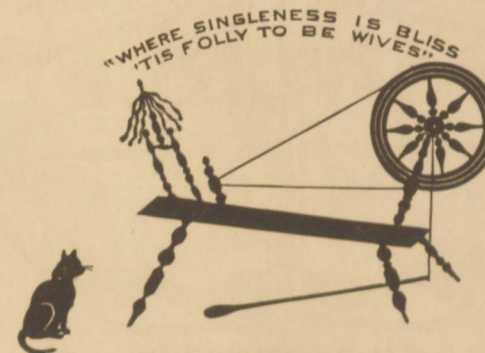


NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
EFFIE SINCLAIR.....	Fayetteville, N. C.	Waldorf	2
	North Carolina Club.		
MAMIE SINGLETON.....	Union Springs, Ala.	Waldorf	2
	K Δ; Alabama Club; Euzelian; Glee Club; Prowler; A. D. A.; D—F. F.		
CHARLOTTE SLAUGHTER.....	Talladega, Ala.	Waldorf	1
	Alabama Club; Euepian.		
MARY PRESSLEY SMITH.....	Louisville, Ky	Tinnymment.	3
	Tilicum; Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Senior Class.		
MARGARET R. SMITH.....	Panama	Main	2
	Euepian; Foreign Club; Skippers.		
JULIA SMITH.....	Paris, Texas	Waldorf	3
	Junior Class; Euepian; Prowler.		
MARGARET MCD. SMITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.	Waldorf	3
	K Δ; North Carolina Club; Cotillion Club; Euepian; D—F. F.		
GERALDINE SMITH.....	Oklahoma City, Okla	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Texas Club.		
MARY G. SMITH.....	Baltimore, Md.	Main	2
SUSIE DELLE SMITH.....	Hot Springs, Ark.	Waldorf	1
	Prowler.		
DAISY SNEAD.....	Fort Union, Va.	Cottage	1
	Euzelian; Virginia Club.		
ROSALIE SNEAD.....	Fork Union, Va.	Cottage	1
	Virginia Club.		
RUBY SNOW.....	High Point, N. C.	Waldorf	2
	North Carolina Club.		
MARIE SPIVEY.....	Vicksburg, Miss.	Waldorf	1
	K Δ; Mississippi Club.		
MARGARET SPRATT.....	Richland, Va.	Cottage	1
	S. G.; Virginia Club.		
ANNETTE STAINBACK.....	Memphis, Tenn.	Waldorf	1
	P. Ph.; Tennessee Club.		
HELEN STEINER.....	Montgomery, Ala.	Tinnymment	4
	A P; Presdent of Alabama Club; Presdent of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; President of Class '09; Euzelian; Light-Feet; Joker; Glee Club; Striker; Cotillion Club; SPINSTER Staff; D-R-A-G-O-N.		
MARY STIKELEATHER.....	Asheville, N. C.	Main	1
	K Δ; North Carolina Club; Cotillion Club; T. A. R.; Masker.		
JESSIE STIKELEATAER.....	Asheville, N. C.	Main	1
	K Δ; North Carolina Club; Cotillion Club; Masker.		
KATIE STONE.....	Hurt, Va.	Main	4
	Euzelian; Virginia Club; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Senior Class.		
JOY TATUM.....	Shanghai, China	Main	2
	Euzelian; Foreign Club; Sophomore Class.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
HENRIETTA TAYLOR.....	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Waldorf	3
	I O II; Masker; Euzelian; D—F. F.; President of Class '10; T. A. R.; A. D. A.; Dramatic Club; President Euzelian Final Meeting; Light-Feet.		
ROSETTA TERRY.....	Patchogue, N. Y.	Main	2
	Euzelian; N. N. N.; Yankee Club.		
JULIA THOM.....	Ashton, Md	Main	3
	Euzelian; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Yemassee Team; Sophomore Class.		
ELIZABETH THOMPSON.....	Mont Clare, Pa.	Main	1
	A P; Freshman Class; Mohican Team; Euepian; Skippers; Yankee Club.		
SOPHIA TILLMAN.....	Trenton, S. C.	Tinnymment	4
	I O II; T. A. R.; Masker; Striker; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Vice-President of Class '09; South Carolina Club; SPINSTER Staff; Euepian.		
LAURA TUCKER.....	Lexington, Va.	Main	2
	A P; Virginia Club; Glee Club; Mohican; Masker; Epicurean.		
MARJORIE VAN DIEVIERE.....	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf	2
	X Σ; Georgia Club; Euzelian; Night Hawk.		
MAY WALTON.....	Appomattox, Va.	Main	2
	Euzelian; Virginia Club; Sophomore Class.		
KATHLEEN WATKINS.....	Millwood, Va.	Main	1
MARGARET WEBB.....	Bowling Green, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Virginia Club; A. C.; Euepian; Night Hawk.		
MARION WEBSTER.....	Vienna, Md	Waldorf	1
MARY WELLS.....	Columbia, S. C.	Tinnymment	1
	K Δ; South Carolina Club; Masker; Dramatic Club; Striker; D-R-A-G-O-N.		
MILDRED WHITE.....	Miami, Fla.	Main	1
	Florida Club; Freshman Class.		
RUTH WHITTLE.....	Martinsville, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club.		
SARA WILHITE.....	Anderson, S. C.	Waldorf	2
	Φ M; Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club; Captain of Yemassee Team, '08-09; Night Hawk; Euepian.		
MARION WILKINSON.....	Valdosta, Ga.	Waldorf	2
	Φ M; Euepian; Georgia Club; Night Hawk; SPINSTER Staff; Cotillion Club; Junior Class.		
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS.....	Elizabethton, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Tennessee Club; Yemassee Team.		
AFTON WILLIAMS.....	Hot Springs, Ark.	Waldorf	2
	Δ T B; Sophomore Class; Prowler; Mohican Team; D—F. F.; A. D. A.; Masker.		
RACHEL WILSON.....	La Grange, Ky.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Prowler.		



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BESSIE WILLIAMS.....	Arvonla, Va.....	Main.....	3
	Euzelian; Virginia Club; Junior Class; N. N. N.		
MAXIE WILLIAMSON.....	Williamson, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
	West Virginia Club.		
MINNIE WILLIAMSON.....	Williamson, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
	West Virginia Club.		
PAULINE WILHELM.....	Portsmouth, Ohio.....	Main.....	1
	Φ M Γ; Euepian; Glee Club; Yankee Club; High Livers.		
JANE WINGFIELD.....	Charlottesville, Va.....	Waldorf.....	4
	Euzelian; Virginia Club; Senior Class.		
AGNES WISE.....	Shreveport, La.....	Main.....	1
	Euzelian; Louisiana Club; Sophomore Class.		
M. BELLE WOODFIN.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	1
	Tilicum; Georgia Club; Euzelian; High Livers.		
ELIZABETH WOODRUFF.....	Anniston, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Alabama Club.		
VETA WRIGHT.....	Mexico City, Mex.....	Main.....	1
	P. Ph.; Foreign Club.		









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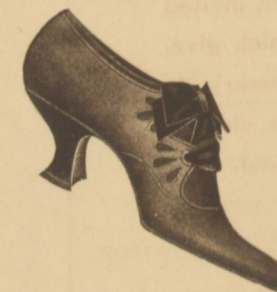
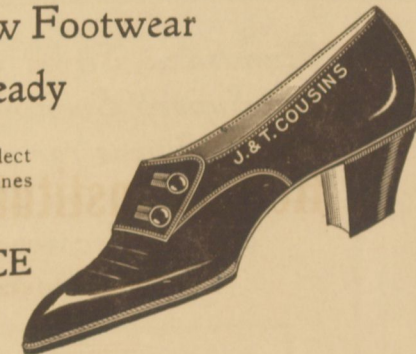
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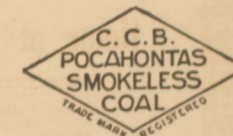
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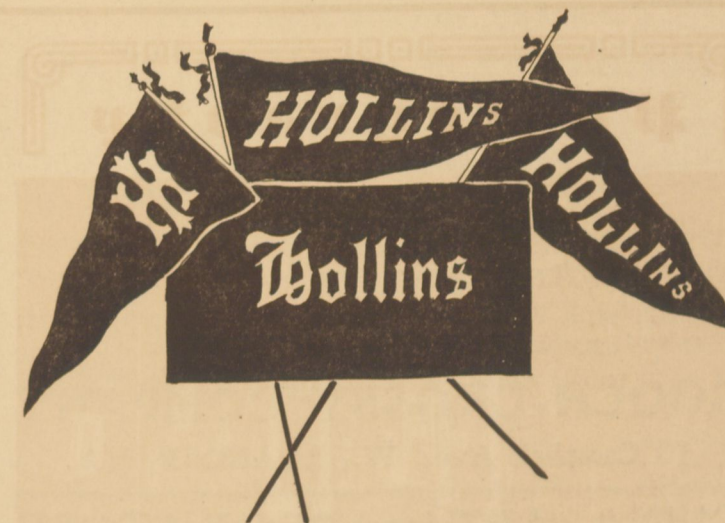
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